PATTON ★ NORMAN ROCKWELL'S STUDIO: BURNT TO THE GROUND

AMERICA IN WWII

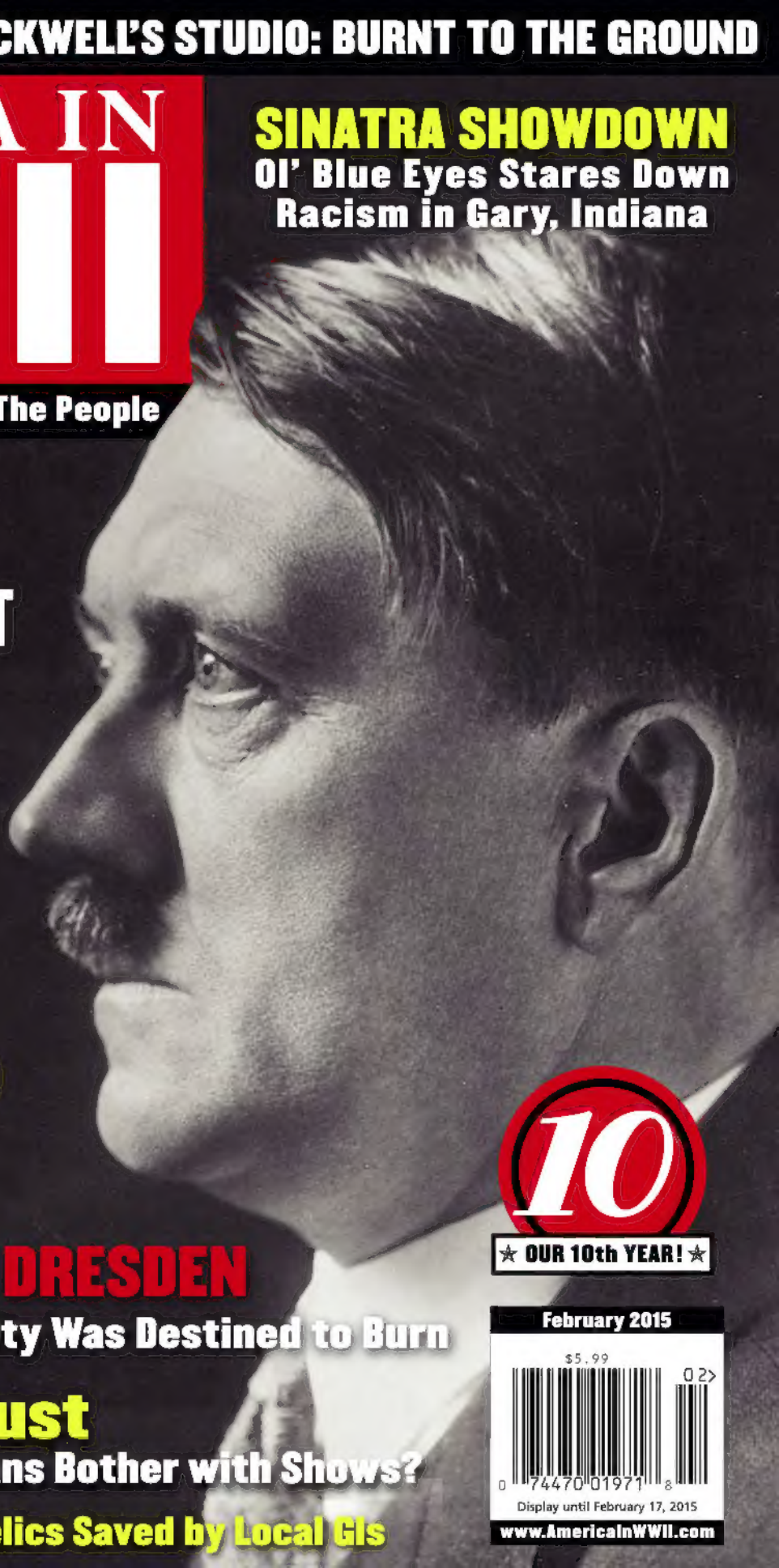
The War • The Home Front • The People

SINATRA SHOWDOWN

Ol' Blue Eyes Stares Down Racism in Gary, Indiana

HITLER AND THE SECRET ALPINE FORT

Could A Nazi Army Hold Out There For Years?



10

★ OUR 10th YEAR! ★

BOMBERS OVER DRESDEN

Why This Old German City Was Destined to Burn

Broadway or Bust

Would Wartime Americans Bother with Shows?

In Wisconsin, See WWII Relics Saved by Local GIs

February 2015

$5.99

02>

0 74470 01971 8

Display until February 17, 2015

www.AmericaInWWII.com

TOUR WWII BATTLEFIELDS WITH US

NORMANDY D-DAY & PARIS

August 9th - 16th 2015 | from $3,600

Experience D-Day come alive with our expert guides

BOOK TODAY !

- 4 days in Bayeux, Normandy
- Entry fee to 10 museums
- 3 days in Paris - theme: Occupied Paris and the liberation of Paris
- Tours of the top sites of Paris - including Eiffel Tower and Cathedral of Notre Dame
- Introduction to Europe, France and French cooking
- Battlefield tours - all D-day beaches e.g "Bloody" Omaha and Utah
- 2 expert guides
- Free copy of the book "D-Day - the prelude, the drama, the aftermath" by tour guide Torsten Granov

THE ROOTS OF EVIL

August 17th - 23rd 2015 | from $ 3,200

Munich, Berchtesgaden "Eagle´s nest", Nuremberg and Berlin

Experience where Nazi Germany was born, flourished and destroyed

- Munich, the Capital of the Nazi Party
- Berchtesgaden with Hitlers mountain residence The Eagle´s Nest
- Nuremberg: The Nazi party Rally Grounds. The actual courtroom of the Nuremberg trials
- Berlin the Capital of Nazi Germany - from triumph to disaster
- Why and how the Nazi Party succeeded
- 2 expert guides

TRAVEL WITH OUR EXPERT GUIDES

DANIEL MARTINEZ

Historian, author and TV-personality. Host on Unsolved History on Discovery Channel and appearances on documentaries for National Geographic, The History Channel and more.

TORSTEN GRANOV

Historian, MA Director of International Military History Institute. Author of a number of books, and specialist lecturer about WWII and Nazi Germany. Specialist in WWII and in D-Day and the Normandy.

INFORMATION, DETAILED PROGRAM AND BOOKING:

www.militaryhistoryinstitute.org

20 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN BATTLEFIELD AND HISTORY TOURS

WE KNOW EUROPE - JOIN US!

AMERICA IN
WWII
The War • The Home Front • The People
February 2015, Volume Ten, Number Five

FEATURES

8 HITLER'S SECRET UNDERGROUND FORTRESS
In a hidden stronghold high in the Alps, a last-chance Nazi army could hold out for years. The idea delighted Hitler. It made the Allies sweat. **By Edward G. Longacre**

16 DESTINED TO BURN
In the 1940s, the awesome power of heavy bombers intersected jaggedly with moral questions about using that power. At that intersection sat Dresden. **By Brian John Murphy**

24 THE SHOWS MUST GO ON!
...Or were Broadway's bright lights more likely to attract enemy bombers than people ready to spend money on singing and dancing? **By John E. Stanchak**

32 FRANK SINATRA TAKES ON GARY, INDIANA
Ol' Blue Eyes was fed up with prejudice. So when white Indianans boycotted their high school for admitting African Americans, he hopped a plane for a face-to-face. **By Chuck Lyons**

2015 ANNUAL WWII TRAVEL PLANNER ★ Special Advertising Section ★ Pages 37–43

departments

2 KILROY **3** V-MAIL **4** HOME FRONT: Norman Rockwell's studio fire **5** PINUP: Doris Merrick **6** LANDINGS: A Monument to America's Ace of Aces **36** FLASHBACK **44** WAR STORIES **46** I WAS THERE: Trucking through Nazi Europe **56** BOOKS AND MEDIA **60** THEATER OF WAR: *Patton* **62** 78 RPM: "My Funny Valentine" **63** WWII EVENTS **64** GIs: He Was No Marksman, But...

COVER SHOT: *Adolf Hitler went from working-class whelp and failed art student to decorated veteran, revolutionary, published author, head of Germany's government, dictator, and war instigator. If he was capable of all that, maybe he really* had *built an alpine bastion where he could hold out. An Allied army group veered off to search for it.* NATIONAL ARCHIVES

AMERICA IN WWII
The War • The Home Front • The People
January–February 2015 • Volume Ten • Number Five
www.AmericaInWWII.com

PUBLISHER
James P. Kushlan, publisher@americainwwii.com
EDITOR
Carl Zebrowski, editor@americainwwii.com
ASSISTANT EDITOR
Eric Ethier
BOOKS AND MEDIA REVIEWS EDITOR
Allyson Patton
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Patrice Crowley • Robert Gabrick
Tom Huntington • Brian John Murphy • Joe Razes
ART & DESIGN DIRECTOR
Jeffrey L. King, jking@americainwwii.com
CARTOGRAPHER
David Deis, Dreamline Cartography
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
Megan McNaughton, admin@americainwwii.com
EDITORIAL INTERN
James George, edintern@americainwwii.com
EDITORIAL OFFICES
4711 Queen Ave., Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109
717-564-0161 (phone) • 717-977-3908 (fax)

ADVERTISING
Sales Representative
Marsha Blessing
717-731-1405, mblessing@americainwwii.com
Ad Management
Megan McNaughton
717-564-0161, admaterials@americainwwii.com

CIRCULATION
Circulation and Marketing Director
Heidi Kushlan
717-564-0161, hkushlan@americainwwii.com

A Publication of 310 PUBLISHING, LLC
CEO Heidi Kushlan
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR James P. Kushlan

AMERICA IN WWII (ISSN 1554-5296) is published bimonthly by 310 Publishing LLC, 4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109. Periodicals postage paid at Harrisburg, PA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: One year (six issues) $29.95; outside the U.S., $41.95 in U.S. funds. Customer service: call toll-free 866-525-1945 (U.S. & Canada), or write AMERICA IN WWII, P.O. Box 421945, Palm Coast, FL 32142, or visit online at www.americainwwii.com.
POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO AMERICA IN WWII, P.O. BOX 421945, PALM COAST, FL 32142.
Copyright 2014 by 310 Publishing LLC. All rights reserved. No part of this issue may be reproduced by any means without prior written permission of the publisher.

Address letters, War Stories, and GIs correspondence to: Editor, *AMERICA IN WWII*, 4711 Queen Ave., Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109. Letters to the editor become the property of *AMERICA IN WWII* and may be edited. Submission of text and images for War Stories and GIs gives *AMERICA IN WWII* the right to edit, publish, and republish them in any form or medium. No unsolicited article manuscripts, please: query first. *AMERICA IN WWII* does not endorse and is not responsible for the content of advertisements, reviews, or letters to the editor that appear herein.

© 2014 by 310 Publishing, LLC. All rights reserved.

CUSTOMER SERVICE:
Toll-free 1-866-525-1945 or www.AmericaInWWII.com

PRINTED IN THE USA BY FRY COMMUNICATIONS
DISTRIBUTED BY CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

★ KILROY WAS HERE

Brian John Murphy (1949-2014)

SOME 15 YEARS AGO, when I was working as an editor for *Civil War Times* magazine, I got a memorable phone call. The memorable part had little to do with the specific content of the conversation. Basically, it was the editor of *The Sports Marketing Letter* on the line, and he loved history and wanted to write for us. What I remembered was the voice, the breadth of knowledge behind it, the warmth, the wit. Working out the details and signing a contract were academic. This guy a few states away in Fairfield, Connecticut, was already as good as hired.

This guy was Brian John Murphy, and book reviewing was how he started with us. His first review arrived with the number of words I asked for, full of lively narrative and analysis, and on time—a jackpot of a trifecta for any editor anywhere. Then he called me after the issue came out to make sure I'd hire him for the next one. I did. And so on and so on. Soon he was writing feature articles for us too.

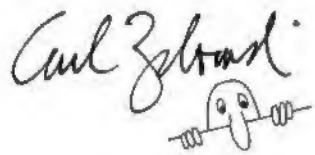
When we started up *America in WWII* 10 years ago, Brian was one of the first phone calls then-editor Jim Kushlan made. We needed good writing in our premier issue if we had any hope of surviving to the second and beyond. And, oh yeah, *We have no money, Brian, so could you give us the article yesterday and let us pay you sometime down the road?* Lucky for us, he took that promising assignment. And if you've been reading this magazine a while, you know that he took many other assignments over the years. He wrote enough for us on the American advance toward Japan to fill a fairly comprehensive book on the subject.

But you know from the headline here that this doesn't end well. Just weeks after Brian turned in the article on Dresden that you'll find in this issue, he was gone. So here you have his final article.

I'd say it's appropriate that it's about the controversial fire-bombing of Dresden. There are times in this piece when I found myself breathing fast at the horrors Brian paints so vividly. It reminded me of his piece on the atomic bombings in our August 2010 issue (he wrote five articles in that special issue covering the war's end!). I swear I needed oxygen during that one, with image after sickening image passing fast before my mind's eye.

Sometimes you have to make war, I imagine Brian saying, but it's wrong to turn your head away from the horror that comes with it. Robert E. Lee, witnessing the slaughter that was the December 1862 Battle of Fredericksburg, said, "It is well war is so terrible, or we should grow too fond of it."

Thanks, Brian, for your important reminders of just how terrible it is. And thanks for everything else too.



Carl Zebrowski
Editor, *America in WWII*

V-MAIL

A BRUSH WITH WWII FAME

AS A LITTLE KID during the war, I peddled papers in our small town, reading the war news as I walked along. Among our favorite war movies was *Wake Island* (1942), starring Brian Donlevy as marine Captain James Devereux, the hero of the film. Our great sadness was learning of town boys who had died in service, including a neighbor killed at Pearl Harbor. Our great excitement was shooting toy guns at the German POWs who marched by our house from a nearby camp.

Some years later, I was an elevator operator in the Longworth House Office Building in Washington, DC, working my way through college. One day, a man entered my elevator and leaned against the wall. I couldn't help staring at him: James Devereux, the hero of Wake Island, now a Congressman from Maryland, standing not four feet from me. Later, I got to meet President Dwight Eisenhower, but nothing jolted me like my encounter with James Devereux.

LARRY CHABOT
Marquette, Michigan

BIG BAND DECRESCENDO

FIRST, ALLOW ME TO THANK YOU for many hours of enjoyment while reading your fine publication, *America in WWII*. I read it cover to cover each issue. However, I think you made a significant blunder in one of your statements on page 62 of the October 2014 issue [78 RPM, "The Sinatra Survivor," by editor Carl Zebrowski]. In this department, you have an interesting account of Frank Sinatra's association with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. But you begin the final paragraph with the sentence that reads, "The big band era was fading, and by 1946 it was gone." I have reason to take issue with that sentence.

I'm 79 years young and had firsthand experience of the big band era and the transition to other forms of music during the 1950s and to this day. I believe there is a popular misconception about the so-called "big band era." To my knowledge, the definition of this term has not been properly explained. I tend to think of it as

meaning a group of musicians that number 10 or more playing a form of danceable music. But whatever the definition, I have firsthand knowledge as to whether it was "gone."

I attended college 1953–1959 and during that time had occasion to dance or listen live to the big band music of Woody Herman, Glenn Miller (Ray McKinley directing), Louis Armstrong, Ray Anthony, Tex Beneke, Ralph Flanagan, Eddy Howard, Duke Ellington, and Stan Kenton. These big bands were seen at dances at Peony Park in Omaha, the Omaha Civic Auditorium (a concert), the Lincoln UNL Coliseum, the Lincoln Turnpike Ballroom, and Denver's Elitch Gardens. All were packed with large attendance. In addition, I enjoyed Dave Brubeck at the University of Nebraska Student Union and Elvis Presley at the Omaha Civic Auditorium during the 1950s and other forms of music that were evolving during that decade.

Big Band music during the 1950s was anything but gone. I would aver that this form of music did fade after 1946 in a gradual way, but has never been "gone." And it can be found even today, although not publicized as much, nor accepted very much.

WAYNE SIMPSON
Lincoln, Nebraska

Editor's response: *Mr. Simpson is correct that big bands and their music were not gone after 1946 and that they faded away gradually. But if you're going to put an end date on an era, the end date for the big band era—the decade when the big band was king—was 1946.*

For reasons ranging from economics to changes in public taste, big bands faded with the wartime rise of solo vocalists such as Frank Sinatra, who'd started their careers with large ensembles and left to go it on their own. As George T. Simon, editor of the music magazine Metronome *from 1939 to 1955, wrote of the genre's demise in his 1967 book* The Big Bands, *"Finally, in December 1946, almost a dozen years after Benny Goodman had blown the first signs of life into the big band bubble, that bubble burst with a concerted bang. Inside of just a few weeks, eight of the nation's top bands broke up—Benny Goodman's, Woody Herman's, Harry James's, Tommy Dorsey's, Les Brown's, Jack Teagarden's, Benny Carter's and Ina Ray Hutton's."*

IN PRAISE OF BRUTAL HONESTY

THE FIRST-PERSON ARTICLE "Bad News Badly Delivered" [by Nick Cariello, December 2014] is the finest brief account of a soldier returning to "civvy street" that I can recall ever seeing. My principal interest in *America in WWII* are narratives about the home front, and this one is absolutely superb. Mr. Cariello presents it with brutal honesty, not sugar-coated, just as it actually happened. I felt as if I were really there, sitting in the Cariello living room with his sister Mary and mother Domenica when a grief-stricken blond lady finally learns the devastating truth about her missing son, presumably killed during the invasion of Tarawa. The evocative photos, especially those of his own family, add to the realism of this very human scene. Thank you, Mr. Cariello, for a brilliantly written piece of history that reads like a classic short story. Thank you, too, for your courageous service during the war.

RICHARD VEIT
Robinson, Texas

Send us your comments and reactions—especially the favorable ones! Mail them to V-Mail, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109, or e-mail them to editor@americainwwii.com.

The Night America's Art Studio Burned

by Carl Zebrowski

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

If Norman Rockwell had given up his pipe, as he did for this self-portrait, there would have been no fire at his studio.

MAY 14, 1943, was a good day for Norman Rockwell, the artist who made himself famous by painting Americans having good days. He finished his 20th annual illustration for the Boy Scouts of America calendar and shipped it off. Later he headed out with a friend to the local high school there in Arlington, Vermont, to hear a lecture on hunting and fishing. They returned to his studio and talked until almost midnight before calling it a night.

May 15 was *not* a good day. At 1:15 A.M. Rockwell's son Tommy woke him up, yelling about the studio. Rockwell ran to the window. "A storm of flame crackled red and molten gold in the interior of the studio and rolled in a thundering cloud of sparks and smoke through the roof," he later wrote.

Rockwell tried to phone the fire department, but the connection was dead—the wires running from the street to the house passed right over the studio. He sent the family's servant to a neighbor's house to call for help. "Then I ran outside to see if anything could be saved," he recalled. "But it was no use; I couldn't get within thirty feet of the studio." As he stood and watched, he heard a flurry of shotgun fire—a box of shells he kept in a desk drawer was exploding.

Soon after the fire trucks arrived and firemen were pumping water onto the blaze, neighbors, some of whom may have posed for Rockwell paintings, gathered to witness the disaster. They probably had a fuller grasp of the loss than Rockwell himself did. "I didn't feel sad at all" he recalled. "I was in a state of shock." In a remarkable display of aplomb, or of lingering shock, Rockwell spent the hour or so after the flames were extinguished serving sandwiches and coffee to firefighters before the weary assembly decided it was time to take another shot at getting a night's sleep.

In the morning sunlight, Rockwell surveyed the scene of the disaster. The severity of the situation still didn't hit him. "I was a bit troubled by the loss of all my pipes," he remembered, "but later that morning as I was poking about the ruins, several of the men in town arrived, bringing me some pipes."

The rest of America, no doubt, worried less about the pipes than about all the oil paintings that had burned, and the hard-to-replace historical costumes and props that lent vintage character to Rockwell's one-of-a-kind works. Gone were scenes he had made to illustrate editions of Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and Ben Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanack*. Gone were numerous magazine illustrations and advertisements. Most of the lost work had been painted right there in Arlington. Now it was nothing but ashes to be buried there.

Not all of Rockwell's works were destroyed. Among the few survivors was the Four Freedoms collection. He'd painted this quartet after President Franklin Roosevelt gave his January 1941 speech spelling out the fundamental freedoms everyone in the world should enjoy. The paintings were on a tour of 16 cities at the time of the fire, ultimately raising more than $130 million in war bond sales.

If there was something positive about the fire, it was that it nudged Rockwell more fully into a new career phase. With his historical props and costumes gone, his subjects were now of the present rather than the past. From then on, he'd paint the slices of everyday life he's best remembered for: boy preparing for a shot at the doctor's office, girl getting her hair cut, young couple at the soda fountain, and the like. It was that present—brightened and polished to nostalgic effect by his able brush—that he passed down to later generations.

Whatever good and bad came out of the disaster, it turned out the fire was Rockwell's own doing. He was just too fond of those pipes. The studio blaze was "my own fault," Rockwell admitted. "As we left, I leaned over to switch off the fluorescent light, and ashes must have dropped from my pipe into the cushion on the window seat, because the next thing I knew it was one-thirty in the morning and my son Tom was banging on the bedroom door and yelling, 'Pop, the studio's on fire.'"

Rockwell lived another 35 years after the fire, to the age of 84, but the pipe got him one more time: he died of emphysema. ★

AMERICA IN WWII

PINUP

Doris Merrick

DORIS SIMPSON GREW UP in a large Chicago household with three sisters and six brothers. That was a lot of siblings competing for attention, but her good looks and bright blond hair helped her stand out. They also helped her make a name for herself as a model in the Windy City in the 1930s. Known for often wearing a blouse and shorts—a playsuit—she earned the nickname Chicago's Playsuit Girl.

It wasn't long before the movie business started to notice. The blond beauty tried her luck in Hollywood in 1941, and in December she signed with Warner Brothers, at the age of 21. The screen name Beth Drake came with her transition to film, but soon she switched to Doris Merrick, the name she would keep. She made her silver screen debut in 1942 in the comedy *Girl Trouble* and went on to appear in a run of films that included Laurel and Hardy's *The Big Noise* in 1944 and the sci-fi *Untamed Women* in 1952.

After 18 movies and 4 TV series, Merrick's professional career ended in 1955. That same year, she filed for divorce from her second husband. In 1964, she remarried, but was widowed in 1986. She now resides in Rancho Mirage, California.

—JAMES GEORGE
editorial intern

PHOTO COURTESY OF WWW.DOCTORMACRO.COM

A Monument to America's Ace of Aces

by Mark D. Van Ells

It's fitting that a museum built in honor of America's greatest WWII ace resembles an aircraft hangar.

A SHINY GLASS-AND-SILVER exterior makes the Richard I. Bong Veterans Historical Center look like an airplane hangar. That makes sense, since an aircraft hangar is part of what it is—a place that houses aircraft. But it also houses more than 7,000 war artifacts, including many from World War II. And in case that isn't enough, it serves as the local tourist information center for Superior, Wisconsin.

The Bong center was founded on the banks of Lake Superior as a tribute to Major Richard I. Bong, America's WWII "Ace of Aces," and inside the building, visitors find among the various offerings a comprehensive overview of the wars in Europe and the Pacific that highlights the contributions and stories of local men and women. Many artifacts collected by Wisconsin veterans are on display. Some are quite remarkable, such as the vial of sand from Iwo Jima, the giant swastika chopped out of the tail of a German Dornier bomber, and the engine of a Japanese "Betty" bomber that one man recovered from Wake Island after the war.

Sometimes it's the most mundane items that send the most powerful messages. This is true of the museum's insignia collection. After GIs returned home from the war, the veterans who patronized the local Harbor Tavern spontaneously began tacking up their shoulder insignia on the wall. Later the tavern owner glued the patches to the back of an old Coke poster for display. By the time the place closed in 1990, there were 95 patches representing the army, navy, marines, and merchant marine. Now displayed at the Bong museum, the poster is a poignant reminder of just how deeply World War II penetrated into everyday American life.

Despite all the emphasis on local veterans, visitors are never left doubting that Richard Bong is the star of the show here. On June 10, 1944, a ferocious-looking Lockheed P-38 Lightning swooped down into the streets of Milwaukee, streaking just feet above the rooftops and sidewalks. The city was not under attack. Rather, Bong was in town to sell war bonds. Few pilots could get away with such antics, but this Wisconsin native was no ordinary flyboy. With 40 confirmed kills, he had shot down more enemy aircraft than any other pilot in US history.

Although Bong earned his place in the pantheon of America's WWII heroes, he's nearly forgotten today outside Superior. But here, not far from his native Northwoods community, his memory is alive and well. Born the son of Swedish immigrants in 1920, he grew up on a farm near the village of Poplar, a mere wide spot in the road 15 miles east of Superior. As a boy he spotted a plane delivering mail to President Calvin Coolidge, who was vacationing nearby, and became obsessed with aviation from that moment on. He took flying lessons while attending Superior State Teachers College (now the University of Wisconsin–Superior) and was an army aviation cadet at Luke Field, Arizona, when the attack on Pearl Harbor occurred.

The army sent Bong to the Pacific, where he claimed his first two aerial victories at Buna, New Guinea, on December 27, 1942. During the next two years, he was a one-

ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY: MARK D. VAN ELLS

Above right: This Lockheed P-38 Lightning wasn't the one Richard Bong flew, but it was restored to look like his, including the portrait of his wife. Lower left: Inside this Quonset hut, video clips tell the stories of Major Bong and of the Pacific air war. Upper left: A bamboo control tower gives an idea of the sort of makeshift facilities that turned up at Pacific installations.

man reign of terror against Japanese planes. On several days he downed more than one plane, and on July 26, 1943, he registered four kills. In December 1944 he received the Medal of Honor, which is on exhibit as one of the museum's most precious objects, its ribbon faded from years of sun exposure. After that he was returned to America to promote the sale of war bonds and serve as a test pilot. He died in a crash near Los Angeles on August 6, 1945, while testing the Lightning P-80 Shooting Star, one of America's first jet fighters.

Shortly afterward, locals made plans for a museum to commemorate Bong. The foundation they established built a small memorial room in Poplar's high school and obtained a P-38 that it proudly displayed in the village. It struggled to raise enough money for a full-fledged museum, and years of harsh Wisconsin winters left the plane in terrible condition. But foundation members never gave up, and a half century of work resulted in the museum opening in 2002 with the P-38 as its centerpiece.

The P-38 on exhibit here was built in 1945 and never left the United States, but it has been restored to look like the one Bong flew. Both planes share the name *Marge*, which Bong chose in honor of his wife, whom he met during the war. Her name and portrait appear on the fuselage of the restored P-38, as they did on the original.

Surrounding the plane in the museum are exhibits that bring Bong's world into focus. Video clips that play inside a Quonset hut tell the story of Bong and the air war against Japan. Nearby is a Marston Mat, one of the perforated steel plates that were laid down and linked together to construct airfields and roads in remote areas. Bong flew many sorties from such runways. Jutting out from the mezzanine above the plane is a mock-up of a bamboo air control tower. Inside, exhibit panels provide technical information about the P-38.

It's ironic that Bong survived all his time flying in skies filled with enemy planes and anti-aircraft flak only to go down after he'd been sent back stateside to safer surrounds. News of his untimely death in August 1945 was overshadowed in most parts of the country by news of the dropping of the atomic bombs and the Japanese surrender. But the tragedy was a great shock to northern Wisconsin, and it dampened victory celebrations here. Thousands attended his funeral in Superior and lined the highway as his body was taken for burial in a family plot in Poplar Cemetery. Thanks to a number of the mourners in attendance that day, the Richard I. Bong Veterans Historical Center is here today to keep alive the memory of America's greatest WWII ace. ★

IN A NUTSHELL

WHAT Richard I. Bong Veterans Historical Center

WHERE Superior, Wisconsin

WHY 7,000-plus war artifacts, including equipment, photos, diaries, newspapers, and maps from World War II • an M7 Snow Tractor that was used to rescue downed aircrew in winter conditions and an M53 Air Drop Scooter designed to be airdropped as ground transportation for paratroopers • one of the world's few surviving Lockheed P-38 Lightnings

For more information call 715-392-7151 or visit www.bvhcenter.org

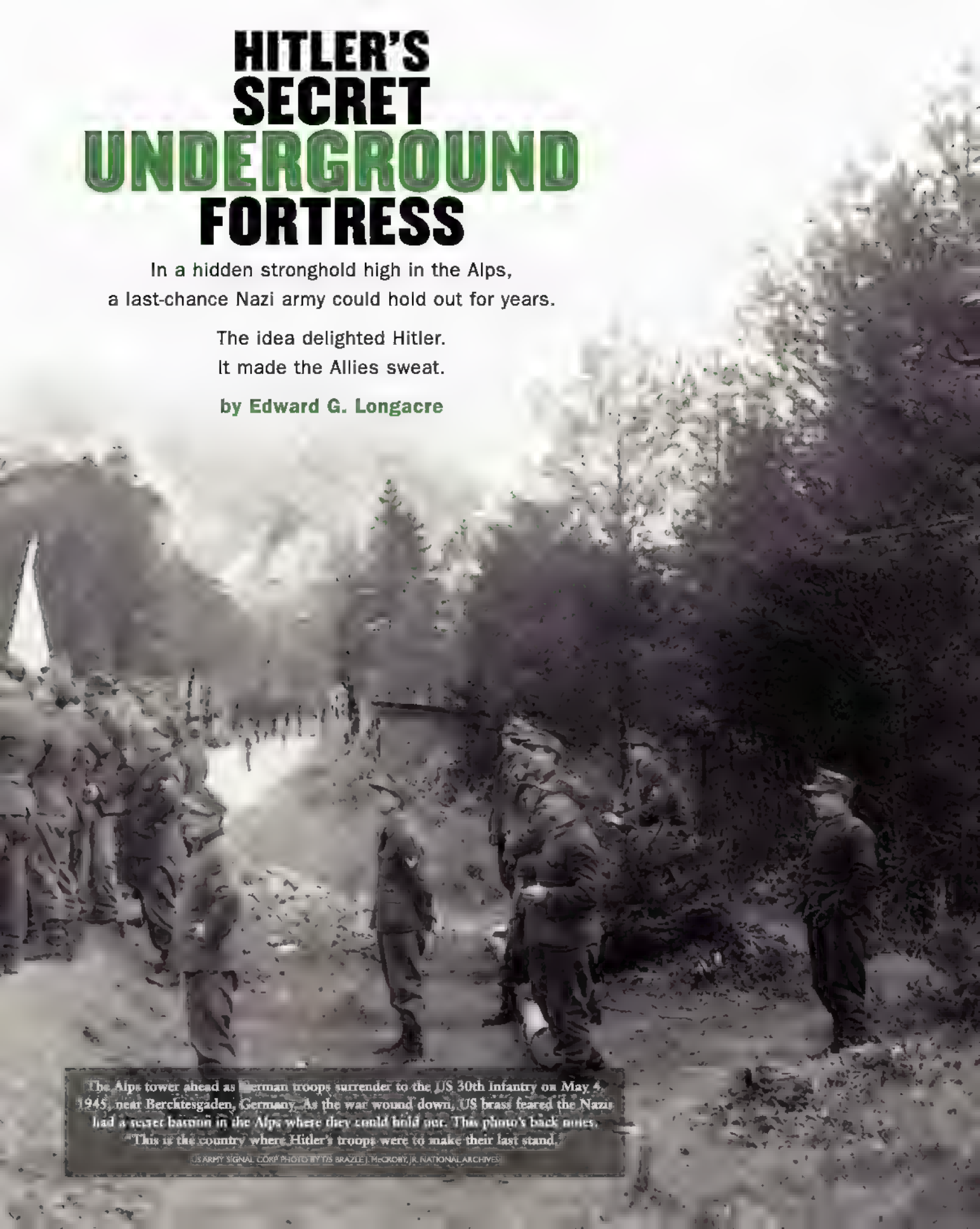
MARK D. VAN ELLS *teaches at Queensborough Community College of the City University of New York and is the author of* America and World War I: A Traveler's Guide. *His website is markdvanells.com.*

HITLER'S SECRET UNDERGROUND FORTRESS

In a hidden stronghold high in the Alps,
a last-chance Nazi army could hold out for years.

The idea delighted Hitler.
It made the Allies sweat.

by Edward G. Longacre



The Alps tower ahead as German troops surrender to the US 30th Infantry on May 4, 1945, near Berchtesgaden, Germany. As the war wound down, US brass feared the Nazis had a secret bastion in the Alps where they could hold out. This photo's back notes, "This is the country where Hitler's troops were to make their last stand."

US ARMY SIGNAL CORP PHOTO BY T/5 BRAZLE J. McCROBY, JR. NATIONAL ARCHIVES

HITLER'S SECRET UNDERGROUND FORTRESS by Edward G. Longacre

As the Western Allies prepared to invade Germany in February 1945, the editors of *Time* magazine warned that the end of the war in Europe might not be as near as most military observers believed. The editors thought the days of the Wehrmacht—Germany's collective armed forces—were numbered, "but what of the top Nazis who cannot hide?" Retribution was certain for them.

Time's answer read like a movie plot: "With a compact army of young SS and Hitler Youth fanatics, they will retreat, behind a loyal rearguard cover...to the Alpine massif which reaches from southern Bavaria across western Austria to northern Italy. There immense stores of food and munitions are being laid down in prepared fortifications. If the retreat is a success, such an army might hold out for years."

Time was repeating sketchy but widely credited rumors that Adolf Hitler, anticipating the collapse of Germany's defenses, had ordered the creation of a stronghold in the Bavarian or Italian Alps where he could make a last stand. Known variously to the Germans as the Alpenfestung ("Alpine Fortress"), the Bavarian Redoubt, or the Inner Fortress, and to the Allies as the National Redoubt, this self-contained defensive complex supposedly featured fortified works atop sheer cliffs and underground caves, tunnels, and bunkers. These were said to be large enough to house massive reserves of rations, munitions, and state-of-the-art weaponry that included rocket launchers, long-range ballistic missiles, and jet aircraft. If enough German fighting men fell back to this refuge before Allies could overtake them, they might mount a formidable defense. Even if they couldn't stave off defeat, they might at least unleash a suicidal bloodbath of catastrophic proportions.

It was a chilling scenario, but it rested on rumors—and fragmentary, inconsistent rumors at that. The brass at the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF) found it difficult to give such rumors full credence. But the possibility that some sort of defensive work might exist had been a source of lingering concern to American intelligence and operations officers since the latter part of 1944 and even, by some accounts, as early as the fall of 1943. And to many military observers, the idea of a National Redoubt did not seem farfetched. After all, Hitler and his fanatical supporters had already resorted to extreme measures to extend the life and influence of the Third Reich. He might view a final slaughter as a fitting climax to his bloody quest for world domination.

There were powerful psychological reasons for the Americans to take the idea of a redoubt seriously. A last stand for the Nazis, even if ultimately unsuccessful, might erase or at least soften the stigma of German defeat. SHAEF's chief of staff for intelligence, Major General Kenneth W.D. Strong, feared that outcome. He knew it could allow generations of Germans to claim their country had never surrendered. They might also conclude that the Nazi regime's twisted values remained worthy and relevant.

On the other hand, there were logical reasons to discount the rumors of a National Redoubt. Although vast—some 240 miles

ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above: A hidden redoubt wasn't inconceivable. The US Seventh Army captured an underground German aircraft engine factory near Mosbach, Germany, in April 1945. Opposite, top: And there was the Berghof, Adolf Hitler's alpine retreat near Berchtesgaden. It had secret passages, ample provisions, and troops. Did a larger refuge await elsewhere? Opposite, bottom: In September 1933, Hitler tours Öschelbronn, where a munitions explosion destroyed 203 homes—a foretaste of what Allied bombers would do a decade later, helping force the Nazis into a corner.

from east and west and 80 miles from north to south—the alpine area in question was not rich in the industrial and agricultural resources required to support such an enterprise. It also seemed unlikely that a massive labyrinth of surface and underground defenses could have been constructed in almost total secrecy.

Still, Allied intelligence could not say with certainty that the redoubt did not exist. By early 1945, the Western Allies' intelligence officers were sharply divided on the matter. Brigadier General Reuben E. Jenkins, the Sixth Army Group's operations chief, noted that some intelligence experts accepted the likelihood of a "final defense project" in the Alps. But just as many others felt the whole idea was enough "to tax the credulity of even the most pessimistic" military intelligence officer.

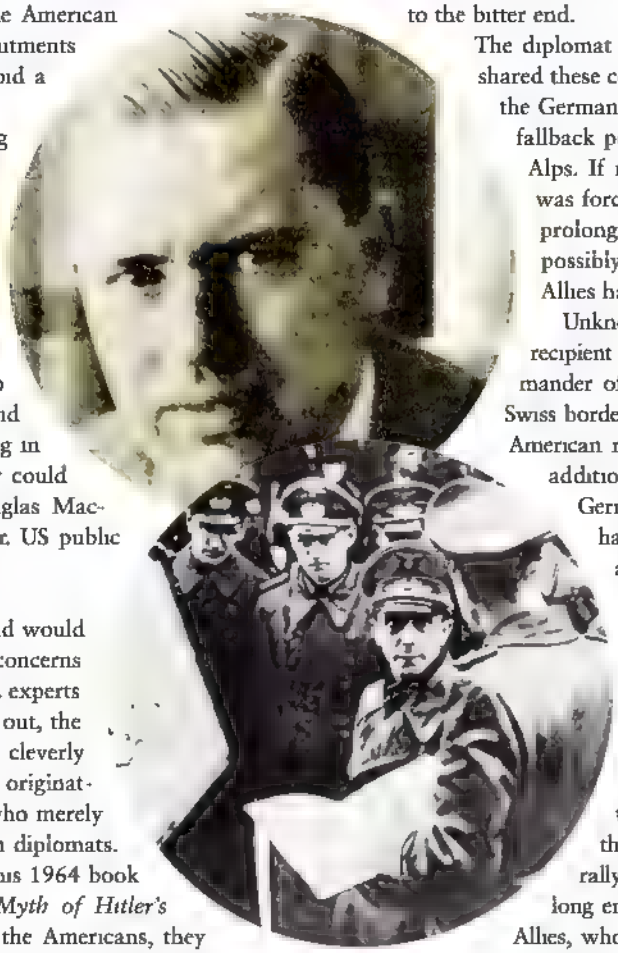
Even supreme Allied commander Dwight D. Eisenhower seemed torn. His orders and actions during the early months of 1945 show he was unconvinced that a mountain edition of the Siegfried Line was waiting in the Alps to confront his armies. The image of an underground bastion encased in layers of concrete and steel and bulging with weaponry reeked of fantasy. And yet Eisenhower worried that *some* sort of rallying point might indeed have been established in southern Germany or northern Italy. It seemed entirely plausible that, once pummeled into retreat, hordes of Germans, urged on by fanatical officers, might stream south in hopes of holding out on terrain favorable to a "defense in depth" (when a defender digs in for a prolonged resistance, giving of territory little by little over a long time to bleed the enemy until he is weak and vulnerable to counterattack.)

This was a daunting prospect. The Alps abounded in tree-choked elevations (some as high as 12,000 feet), punctuated by narrow valleys and bottomless gorges, and accessible only via winding, easily obstructed roads. Many of Eisenhower's subordinates shared his concern. General Omar N. Bradley, commander of the Twelfth Army Group, claimed in his postwar memoirs that the specter of a National Redoubt became an "obsession" not only at SHAEF but also at lower echelons of command.

Evidence suggests that the National Redoubt became a major factor in Eisenhower's March–April 1945 decision to shift from operating in northern Germany, with Berlin as a possible objective, to sweeping instead toward Austria and perhaps Czechoslovakia. The Western Allies' original strategy involved a thrust across the Rhine River to surround and eradicate the defenders of Germany's Ruhr Valley, after which British and American forces would drive northeastward. This plan remained in force, with minor adjustments, through year's end. But after the US Ninth Army crossed the Rhine at Remagen, Germany, on March 7, 1945, Eisenhower swung many of his forces sharply south, toward the Alps.

Eisenhower's strategy had long lasting repercussions, so his reasoning has been scrutinized ever since by historians and military analysts. One consequence was the virtual abandonment of Berlin, Germany's capital, to Soviet forces advancing from the east. But this may not have concerned Eisenhower. It already seemed likely that the Russians would beat their Western comrades to Berlin. Besides, Eisenhower knew that postwar occupation zones had already been sketched out across Germany by Allied leaders. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, for one, did not appear averse to letting Berlin fall into the Soviet sphere of influence. Back home, opinion polls indicated that the American people were wary of long term commitments in postwar Europe and wished to avoid a messy dispute over the city.

Another consideration for turning south, cited by both Eisenhower and his chief of staff, Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith, was to avoid indefinitely prolonging a war that was on the verge of being won. The prospect of the Germans in the north somehow slipping away to an alpine rendezvous and hunkering down to fight on was undesirable . Roosevelt and Eisenhower wanted to end the fighting in Europe as quickly as possible so they could transfer large forces to General Douglas MacArthur, the Pacific theater commander. US public opinion, too, favored an early peace.



ONLY VICTORY AND the war's end would reveal whether Eisenhower's concerns and the darkest fears of his G-2 experts were founded or not. But as it turned out, the National Redoubt was nothing but a cleverly promoted myth. The irony was that it originated not with German propagandists, who merely did the promoting, but with American diplomats. As historian Rodney Minott notes in his 1964 book *The Fortress that Never Was: The Myth of Hitler's Bavarian Stronghold*, "unhappily for the Americans, they inadvertently created the myth and were forced to live with it."

The myth got its start in September 1944, when an unidentified American diplomat in Zurich, Switzerland, cabled a report to the US State Department. The report called Washington's attention to the impressive fortifications that the Swiss had constructed on their border with Germany in 1940–42. The Swiss had dubbed their defensive complex, which included three major forts, the National Redoubt. The diplomat suspected that if a small nation like Switzerland was capable of erecting such a stronghold, the more resourceful and desperate Germans certainly could build one.

The diplomat's reasoning remains murky. Perhaps he knew that a year earlier the German army had surveyed territory along the borders of Lichtenstein, Italy, Yugoslavia, and Hungary. Nothing had come of the project, though its purpose remained unclear and mysterious. More concrete and observable was the war being fought in the Italian theater, where the forces of German Field Marshal Albert Kesselring stoutly resisted the advancing Allies. Kesselring's lines were falling back ever closer to the Alps, where there were World War I–era defenses. Some Allied planners feared the Germans intended to improve those works, dig in, and fight to the bitter end.

The diplomat who cabled Washington may have shared these concerns. Perhaps he speculated that the Germans were already working on a major fallback position in the northern or southern Alps. If it were completed before Germany was forced to surrender, its defenders could prolong the fighting for two years or more, possibly inflicting more casualties than the Allies had absorbed so far in the war.

Unknown to the sender or the intended recipient of the Zurich telegram, the commander of a Nazi SS courier center near the Swiss border intercepted the transmission. Later American reports from Switzerland, conveying additional concerns about a possible German redoubt, also fell into German hands. All these were brought to the attention of the local *gauleiter* (Nazi Party district leader), Franz Hofer, who sensed military and political value. He relayed them to German army headquarters in Berlin, urging that work on an Alpenfestung begin at once. Along with many other civilian officials, he believed the war could no longer be won on the battlefield. Yet the Wehrmacht, by rallying in the mountains, might hold out long enough to drive a wedge between the Allies, who appeared to have competing postwar interests, and perhaps secure a separate peace.

At first Hofer's advice went unheeded. Hitler's attention was absorbed by internal military affairs in the aftermath of a July 20 attempt on his life by some of his own generals. Nazi Minister of Propaganda Paul Josef Goebbels might seem to have appreciated the value of a fortress, even a phantom fortress. But when he learned of Hofer's submission, he responded by prohibiting the domestic press from mentioning any such thing. For Goebbels, talk of a last stand anywhere in the war zone smacked of defeatism.

Undeterred, Hofer and other civilian and military leaders who

Top: Franz Hofer—Nazi governor of Austria's Tyrol-Vorarlberg region—received an intercepted US cable in 1944. It revealed that the Allies feared there was an alpine redoubt where the Nazis could hole up and forestall surrender. No such redoubt existed, but Hofer loved the idea. Above: Nazi Propaganda Minister Josef Goebbels (front) banned further discussion—until he saw the fear the rumor created in the American press. Opposite: An October 1944 British interrogation report contains a captured Luftwaffe pilot's statements about the redoubt.

SECRET
SECRET
C.I.D. 12585

C.S.D.I.C.(U.K.)
S.I.R. 1524
10 Mar 45

THIS REPORT IS SECRET

Report on information obtained from PW LD/420 Uffz ZERLAUTH Div Staff 5 FSJ Div, captured near SCHLEIF, 11 Jan 45.

AREA OF THE NATIONAL REDOUBT VORARLBERG

(GSGS 4416/Z4)

Information dated Oct 1944.

PREAMBLE

PW's CAREER

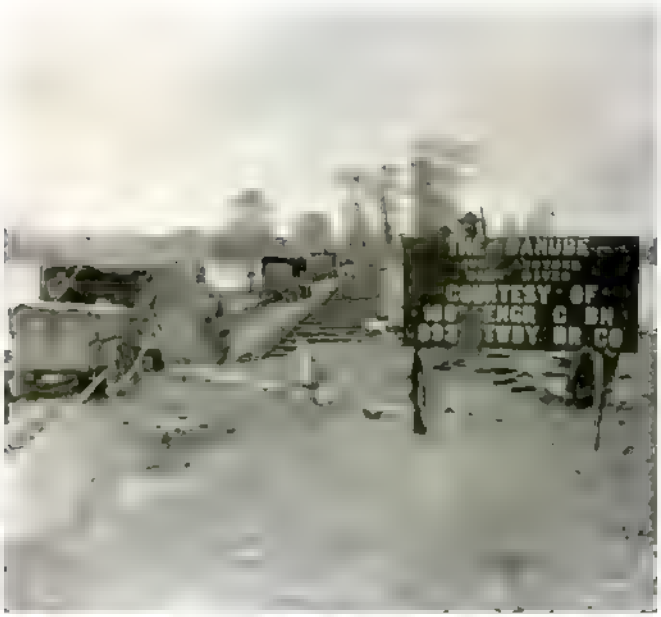
1. PW is a 26-years-old Austrian from the VORARLBERG and holder of a World Ski record. Whilst studying he was connected with a number of Austrian Youth Movements which preached and tried to practise passive resistance to the spread of National Socialism in AUSTRIA. After the Anschluss, PW then a student at VIENNA University, was arrested on account of his political views but was released after a short time and in Oct 38 called up to the LW. He served successively in POLAND, FINLAND and RUSSIA as a pilot until the Spring of 43, when he was transferred to Flying School C and later to the Blindflugschule 36 in WESENDORF/HANNOVER.
Finally PW was sent to the close combat school at HALBERSTADT where he joined Einheit FIX. On completion of his training in Nov 44 he was transferred to the Staff of 5 F.J. Div with which unit he remained until captured. PW is completely cooperative.

SCOPE OF REPORT

2. PW states that for some time he has been considering the possibility of a German retreat to AUSTRIA and, with this in mind, had studied the communications (which he considers the most vulnerable point in the VORARLBERG) during his periods of leave. He states quite emphatically, however, that when he was last in the district in Oct 44, although he cycled around a great deal, he saw no unusual military activity or any indications that preparations were being made for a last ditch stand. The report is, therefore, confined to his observations on communications, power supplies, administrative and military locations and information on frontier guards and patrols. All the information is considered reliable.

believed that a redoubt, real or imaginary, could be a useful tool, went to some lengths to refer to one publicly. Although mainstream media had been silenced, smaller news outlets inside Germany picked up the story and circulated it. Radio stations carried enthusiastic but deliberately vague reports for domestic consumption. This piecemeal press campaign worked, and within weeks, American newspapers and magazines were stoking fears of a Nazi safe haven.

On Sunday, November 12, 1944, the *New York Times Magazine* carried an article claiming the territory surrounding Berchtesgaden, Hitler's retreat in the Bavarian Alps, was defended by extensive fortifications that included tunnels and caves filled with food and guns. In early February 1945, Hanson Baldwin, the *Time*'s influential military correspondent, predicted that once Berlin fell, a new front would open in the



Alps. Around the same time, a piece in *Collier's* magazine warned that guerrilla activities involving SS troops, Hitler Youth, and other Nazi fanatics would begin in the mountains of southern Germany as soon as conventional warfare ceased.

America's allies were divided over the question of whether Germany really had a fortified National Redoubt. British officials doubted it, but the Russians suspected that the wily Hitler had an 11th-hour trick up his sleeve. The Soviet government informed the Associated Press's Moscow bureau that a mountain enclave and plans for a doomsday defense were established facts. Beginning in late 1944, the *Daily Worker*, voice of the Communist Party USA, repeated the claim in one edition after another.

Allied reaction to press reports of a redoubt finally caught Goebbels's attention. Suddenly aware that the story, if properly handled, could strengthen military and civilian morale, he rescinded his press prohibition in January 1945 and began providing "facts" about the stronghold to editors at home and in neutral countries. The response was so favorable that Goebbels added to his ministry a section devoted to planting reports that a National Redoubt was up and running, ready for immediate use. German POWs would relay these stories to their captors; after Germany was invaded, civilians would repeat them, with all manner of embellishment. Over time, the security service of the SS helped by leaking fictitious information—including blueprints of the redoubt's supposed position and data on its defensive capabilities—to US intelligence agents.

Once Goebbels changed his mind, he quickly persuaded Hitler that the illusion of a National Redoubt had at least "nuisance value" as a hoax. Hitler went a step farther: he decided to make the hoax a reality. Calling Hofer to Berlin, he instructed him to super-

vise construction of a redoubt in his province. But Hitler's reasoning was the product of a mind addled by impending defeat and failing health, and it was too late by this time to accomplish anything worthwhile. Still, Hofer returned home, somehow recruited 2,000 civilian laborers, and put them to work on a defensive position far less imposing than Goebbels's fearsome fabrication.

Hofer's efforts were superfluous. The myth of the redoubt had been sufficient to create fear and even to influence Allied military planning. By early April 1945, with the fighting winding down on other fronts, Eisenhower ordered his southernmost echelon to sweep through Bavaria, crushing every obstacle in its path. When his deputy chief of staff for operations, Major General Harold R. Bull, suggested that the area of operations be expanded to include the Alps of western Austria, Eisenhower readily agreed.

Above left: General Dwight Eisenhower doubted that Hitler had a hidden bastion in the Alps. But he sent the Sixth Army Group to make sure. The group crossed the Danube River on April 22, 1945. (Here, the US Third Army follows near Regensburg on the 27th.) Above right: The Sixth Army Group secured bombed-out Ulm on the 25th—still no sign of a redoubt or a last-ditch Nazi effort to rally. Opposite: In the Alps, the Allies breathed a sigh of relief: there was no redoubt. These men of the US 5th Tank Destroyer Group relax at Hitler's Berghof on May 6.

The instrument for executing this revised strategy was General Jacob L. Devers's Sixth Army Group, comprising Lieutenant General Alexander Patch's US Seventh Army and the French First Army of General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny. From the start, Devers's job seemed an easy one. When his vanguard crossed the Rhine into Germany in the first days of April, it was virtually unopposed, suggesting that the enemy was teetering on collapse. In fact, heavy fighting lay ahead in Heilbronn, Jagstfeld, and other places. But by mid month, the Sixth Army Group's nearest opponents, the German First and Nineteenth Armies, were giving way, their units retreating in confusion and panic. Preceded by three armored divisions and supported more or less closely by the French, the Seventh Army rampaged through Germany. Patch's VI Corps was on the right flank in the area of the Black Forest; the XXI Corps was in the center, moving through the thickly wooded hill country known as the Odenwald; and the XV Corps was on the left, between the Main River and the Rhön Mountains.

As they hurtled south in motorized columns, the troops at the forefront of the pursuit received cautions about what they might encounter. Patch's G 2 issued a long-range study of the National Redoubt that repeated the old rumors of weapons stockpiles, underground industrial facilities, and a garrison "comprising hundreds of thousands of SS and mountain troops, well equipped, trained for mountain warfare, and thoroughly imbued with the Nazi spirit."

DEVERS'S MEN IGNORED THE WARNINGS, and with good reason. As military historian Charles B. MacDonald observed, for the Sixth Army Group, Bavaria was "one endless array of white flags, and those towns and villages that failed to conform usually fell in line after only a few bursts of machine-gun fire." Sensing the futility of further resistance, the Germans began surrendering in small groups. By month's end, the daily prisoner haul would number in the thousands.

Patch's GIs and de Lattre's Frenchmen reached the Danube River, thought to be the redoubt's outer ring, on April 22. Crossing the stream against minimal resistance, the Americans overwhelmed even cities supposedly held in force. On the 25th they secured Ulm and Regensburg, two key points on the so-called "redoubt triangle." On the 27th they occupied Landsberg, where an imprisoned Hitler had written the bible of Nazism, *Mein Kampf*, in 1924. On the 29th, one day before Hitler committed suicide in his bunker and three days before the Russian army occupied Berlin, the XXI Corps fought its way into Augsburg, on the approach to Austria. That same day two divisions of the XV Corps entered the death camp at Dachau, where they liberated 3,000 prisoners and beheld the horrific effects of Hitler's Final Solution. By May 3, the XV Corps had taken Munich, capital of Bavaria and birthplace of National Socialism—"the cradle of the Nazi beast," as Eisenhower put it.

The Alps were now within striking distance, and there was no organized enemy in sight. Clearly, Hitler's diehards had no National Redoubt—no safe haven of any sort. The Wehrmacht had been broken beyond repair. The fighting in Italy was over, and Germany's unconditional surrender was only days away. The invaders' attention now turned in a new direction. In the wake of Munich's capture, the Seventh Army's operations chief noted, "there is a growing need for maps of the Pacific area...."

The Allies had emerged victorious, but they had learned a couple of hard lessons on the way to the Alps. The first was that the effectiveness of any hoax depends on the victim's gullibility. The second was that when the victim happens to be the hoax's unwitting perpetrator, the deception is bound to succeed to some extent. Such was the case with Hitler's National Redoubt, the fortress that never was. ★

EDWARD G. LONGACRE *of Newport News, Virginia, is a retired Department of Defense historian. He has written numerous books and articles on the Civil War, World War II, and military aviation.*

destined to burn

In the 1940s, the awesome power of heavy bombers intersected jaggedly with moral questions about using that power. At that intersection sat Dresden.

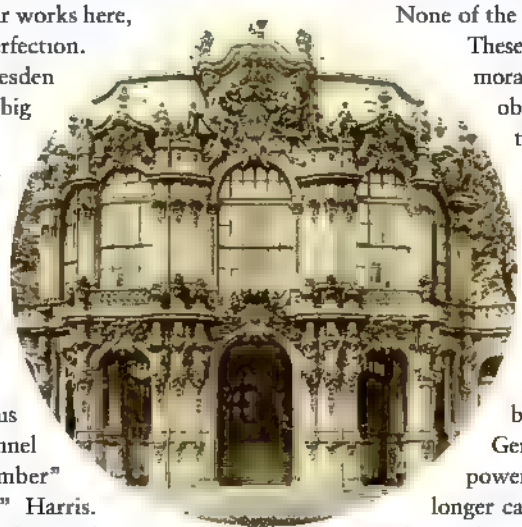
by Brian John Murphy

IF ANY CITY WAS A JEWEL BOX, Dresden, Germany, was it. Sitting on a graceful bend of the Elbe River, near the borders of Czechoslovakia and Poland, Dresden was often called the Florence of the North. From all parts of the world, people came to see its medieval, renaissance, rococo, and baroque architectural treasures, its spacious public squares, its well-maintained gardens and parks, its palaces and inspired churches, its world renowned museums and its famed theaters, opera, and concert halls.

Scholars came to study with world renowned professors. Poets and painters came for inspiration. Scientists pushed the boundaries of knowledge. Philosophers changed the perception of reality. The greatest composers premiered their works here, and musicians honed their art to perfection. Craftsmen produced the beautiful Dresden china and porcelain that graced homes big and small around the globe.

Despite all this, the head of the British Royal Air Force's Bomber Command, Air Marshal Arthur Harris, decided that Dresden had to die for the Allies to win the war against Nazi Germany. He decreed that on February 13–14, 1945, the city would be obliterated by a cauldron of fire dropped from the air.

Harris would be made a baronet for his services in the war, and most RAF personnel referred to him respectfully as "Bomber" Harris, but some called him "Butcher" Harris. Dresden was to be his masterpiece. It turned out to be, as one modern author put it, "a city too far" in the wholesale destruction of urban Germany.



ALL PHOTOS, THIS STORY, NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Strategic Bombing and Morale Bombing

LONG BEFORE 1945, civilian populations had become military targets for air forces. On January 19, 1915, German zeppelins—gigantic, rigid, lighter-than-air craft—bombed England. London endured its first bomb raid on May 31, 1915. There were 52 such raids during the Great War. They killed 556 people, 90 percent of them civilians.

On May 25, 1917, the Germans started making conventional air raids on England with fixed wing aircraft. They used the Gotha G.IV two-engine bomber—a huge plane for its time, able to carry a 1,000-pound bomb load—and, later, the Zeppelin-Staaken R.VI Riesenflugzeug ("Giant Aircraft")—a four-engine biplane with a wingspan about the same as that of the later Boeing B-29 Superfortress and able to carry a 2,000-pound bomb. Over the course of 27 Gotha and Zeppelin-Staaken raids on London and the rest of England, 856 British, mostly civilians, were killed. None of the big bombers were shot down.

These raids never made a dent in England's morale and resolve. In 1917 Winston Churchill observed, "It is improbable that any terrorization of the civil population which could be achieved by air attack would compel the Government of a great nation to surrender. In our own case, we have seen the combative spirit of the people roused, and not quelled, by the German air raids."

But some air warfare theorists wondered, what if bombing were done on a grander scale? In the influential 1921 book *The Command of the Air*, Italian General Giulio Douhet explained how air power had changed the basic nature of war. "No longer can areas exist in which life can be lived in safety and tranquility, nor can the battlefield any longer be limited to actual combatants," he wrote. "On the contrary, the battlefield will be limited only by the boundaries of the nations at war, and all of their citizens will become combatants, since all of them will be exposed to the aerial offensives of the enemy."

RAF Air Marshal Hugh Trenchard asserted that the air force would need a robust arm of strategic bombers for future conflicts. There was an internal RAF debate over whether the bombers

Above: A pavilion at the 18th-century Zwinger palace in Dresden, Germany, is all rococo splendor in a prewar photo. After 1945's US-British air raid of February 13–14, it would be rubble; Dresden blocked a Soviet advance, so the Western Allies bombed it. Opposite: US Eighth Air Force firebombs fall on February 14. The Americans came by day to bomb rail and industry, but ended up hitting civilian areas, too.

destined to burn by Brian John Murphy

should target military and industrial objectives or cities, breaking the morale of the people.

At the outset of World War II, civilians were off the list of RAF bombers' principal targets, though nighttime bombing and inadequate bombsights would muddy the distinction at times. The United States reached a similar decision, and the US Army Air Corps determined that the mission of its bombers would be the daylight pinpoint bombing of essential military, communications, and industrial targets, thus avoiding unnecessary civilian casualties while still helping to shorten the war.

In 1939, everyone except the Germans looked with horror upon the idea of bombing civilians. Germany's Condor Legion had bombed civilians in the Spanish Civil War in 1936–1939 and flattened the Basque city of Guernica. In Poland, the Germans besieged Warsaw and levelled much of it with aerial bombs—though there was a military excuse, however flimsy, for bombing a besieged city that had supposedly been turned into a fortress. On May 14, 1940, the Germans bombed the medieval city center of Rotterdam, in the Netherlands. The Luftwaffe razed the old city to the ground in less than an hour, destroying 25,000 buildings and killing 800 to 900 people. Another 80,000 citizens were rendered homeless. These results surprised and delighted the Germans. Emboldened, they threatened to destroy the city of Utrecht, too, if the Dutch did not surrender promptly. The Dutch complied.

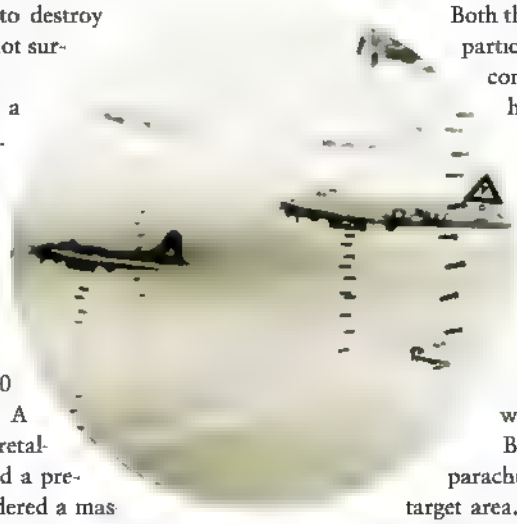
Large-scale city bombing began with a German mistake in the skies over England. On the night of August 23–24, 1940, a flight of Luftwaffe bombers looking for the London Docklands, then part of the Port of London, wandered off course. The pilots dropped their bombs on London proper, causing moderate dam age to the city. Prime Minister Winston Churchill decided to retaliate, sending 70 bombers to hit Berlin the next evening. A chain reaction of retaliation and counter-retaliation ensued, until Adolf Hitler rescinded a previous order not to bomb London and ordered a massive bomb campaign against the British capital. For 57 nights in a row, starting September 7, 1940, heavy raids damaged or destroyed more than a million buildings. About 20,000 Londoners were killed. The Blitz—Hitler's nine-month aerial assault on London—had begun.

On the night of November 14–15, the Germans sent 400 planes against lightly defended Coventry, a city with many wartime industries but poor anti-aircraft defenses. Coventry was smashed flat by high-explosive bombs and burned by incendiaries. St. Michael's Cathedral was destroyed, as were 75 percent of all buildings, 33 percent of all factories, and 50 percent of all homes. The raid was meant to be a new kind of attack, so complete and so horrible that it would break the English will to fight. Morale collapsed in Coventry, and confused and angry citizens mobbed firefighters and police. A visit by King George VI surprised and touched the ravaged city's people, however, beginning the gradual revival of their fighting spirit.

The result of the urban bomber raids of 1940 was a grim new code of ethics. Revulsion at the idea of targeting civilians had softened, and both sides adopted area bombing of cities as a legitimate weapon of war. The moral code of war had changed.

A Whirlwind through Hamburg

One night during the Blitz, Bomber Harris watched as hundreds of Nazi bombers rained fire on central London. At that moment, he seemed to want nothing more than revenge on the people who were burning down England's cities. "The Nazis entered this war under the rather childish delusion that they were going to bomb everybody else, and nobody was going to bomb them," he later said. "At Rotterdam, London, Warsaw, and half a hundred other places, they put that rather naive theory into operation. They sowed the wind, and now, they are going to reap the whirlwind" (Hosea 8:7, "For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind"). The whirlwind Harris had in mind was the fiery death of Hamburg, Germany.



Both the Royal Air Force and US Army Air Forces participated in the Hamburg air campaign. It commenced with a British raid in the early hours of July 24, 1943. Hundreds of RAF bombers flew this mission. First, planes dropped thousands of strips of paper with aluminum foil glued on. The strips, code named Window, scattered the signal from German radar, filling the operators' screens with hundreds of ghost images as strong as those reflected from real bombers. German anti-aircraft guns and fighters failed to locate the bombers, which unloaded hell onto Hamburg

Between 1 and 2 A.M., the Brits dropped parachute flares, colored markers to designate the target area. The bombers then dropped 2,300 tons of bombs—high explosives and some 350,000 incendiaries—on the port city. Fifteen thousand civilians and military were killed. The explosives dumped buildings into the streets, impeding the work of firefighters and rescue personnel, and broke water mains and took out important electrical facilities. The incendiaries lit the ruins on fire. Paul Elingshausen, an air raid warden, recalled, "There was no running water, the Tommies had smashed the waterworks first.... We had to abandon house after house. Finally Dr. Wilm's house caught fire, and I, as deputy air-raid warden, stopped fighting the fire since there was neither sand or water...."

The next day, the US Eighth Air Force attacked. At 2:40 P.M., 109 B-17 Flying Fortresses were over the city, targeting the Blohm

Above: Bombs fall from Eighth Air Force B-17s over Dresden during an April 1945 follow-up raid on rail facilities. That day Americans dropped about 1,700 tons; in February, British and US bombers had dumped nearly 4,000 tons. Opposite: Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris (with the dark-framed glasses), head of the British Bomber Command, helps plan a 1943 raid. He was the Dresden mission's architect.

and Voss shipyards and the Klockner aircraft factory. Fires still burning out of control obscured the targets. German fighters heavily engaged the bombers, and the Luftwaffe shot down 15 B-17s that afternoon.

The B-17s were back over Hamburg the following noon, dropping 126 tons of high explosives, again targeting Blohm and Voss and adding the MAN diesel engine works and the Neuhof power station. The bombers destroyed or damaged Blohm and Voss's construction shops, ship-fitters shops, and engine shops, along with the boiler house, a foundry, tool stores, and two dry docks. Bombing Neuhof turned off the juice for a major portion of the city for two weeks, stalling rescue and reconstruction efforts.

BRITISH BOMBERS RETURNED on the night of July 27–28 and kindled the worst catastrophic fire in the war to that date. More than 700 planes unloaded 2,300 tons of mostly incendiary bombs on the ruins of Hamburg. The resulting fires merged, thanks to a wind at ground level. Temperatures reached 1,000 degrees and higher. Hurricane-force and even stronger winds sucked in oxygen, feeding the blaze. People outdoors were lifted off the ground and flew into the flames. Other people, seeking shelter in air raid shelters designed for defense against high explosives, were suffocated by the fire's relentless oxygen consumption or roasted by the heat of the flames outside.

Escaping this holocaust was difficult. One survivor remembered, "The stretch of road upon which we now travelled brought ever worsening scenes of horror. I saw many women with their children held in their arms running, burning and then falling and not getting back up. We passed masses of people made up of four or five corpses, each probably a family, visible only as a pile of burned substance no larger than a small child. Many men and women fell over suddenly without having caught fire.... Silently and with the last of their force, women tried to save their children. They carried them pressed close. Many of these children were already dead, without their mothers knowing."

But the Germans were only just starting to reap the whirlwind. Dresden was next.

Nazi Dresden

AMID THE BEAUTIFUL PALACES, churches, concert halls, and gardens of Dresden, a cancer had grown since the early 1930s. Quietly at first, and then with ever-increasing clamor, the Nazi Party had taken firm hold of this ancient capital of Saxony. When Hitler gained power in 1933, the Florence on the Elbe received the news joyously. Dresdeners draped their beautiful buildings with the red white and black swastika banner and went hoarse screaming *"Sieg heil!"* when he visited.

The city's Jews were oppressed from the beginning of the Nazi regime. Apartment buildings were tagged "Jews live here." Other buildings put up signs saying "No Jews live here!" In the Grosser Garten, Dresden's baroque park, Jews were forbidden to use the benches. On the carnival day of Fasching (the day before Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Western Christian Lent), a parade traditionally wound through the city's districts. The theme of

destined to burn by Brian John Murphy

1938's parade was "The Children of Israel Move Out!" City officials required Jewish owned businesses to post yellow signs with "Jewish Business" painted in black. Then, on the night of October 27–28, 1938, 90 percent of the city's Jewish population was rounded up for deportation to Poland.

Among the deportees were the Grynzspan family, whose son Herschel was living in Paris. The Grynzspans sent Herschel a postcard describing their suffering. On November 7, 1938, he obtained a gun, went to the German embassy, and mortally wounded the diplomat Ernst vom Rath. Rath's assassination became the pretext for Kristallnacht, or the Night of Broken Glass, the infamous nationwide orgy of anti Jewish hatred and violence on November 9–10, 1938. In Dresden, Nazi vandals shattered Jewish shop windows on Praeger Strasse, the city's main shopping street.

NAZI THUGS ALSO DESTROYED one of the city's architectural treasures, the central synagogue, designed by the great architect Gottfried Semper. The synagogue was a big, elegant building with graceful domes and exotic details that spoke of the Near East. Close by the Elbe, it was a well-loved part of the city skyline. On Kristallnacht, hooligans splashed the synagogue's pews and hangings with gasoline and lit it up. The fire spread quickly. When fire brigades arrived, goons from the Nazi Party's SS (Schutzstaffel, or "Protection Squadron") and SA (Sturmabteilung, or "Storm Detachment") prevented them from fighting the blaze. The firemen were allowed to save only neighboring buildings inhabited by Germans. The synagogue was obliterated.

Dresden the Target

DURING THE WAR YEARS, Dresden's factories and small manufacturers had converted from civilian to military production. The city had 110 factories big and small doing war work and employing roughly 50,000 people. According to the Royal Air Force, Dresden made aircraft engines, had repair facilities for railroad rolling stock, and plants that made machine tools, small arms, optical instruments, and poison gas. It was an important rail nexus and had two important rail marshalling yards where freight cars arriving from all over were sorted to make up trains bound for specific destinations. It was also a main regional crossroads for vehicular traffic. As the RAF target guide put it, "Collectively these [targets] are of considerable importance, but individually none are of outstanding value."

Whatever the value of Dresden's art treasures, factories, and rail connections, the Soviets had asked the Western Allies to bomb the city to clear the way for their advancing Red Army. So the Brits and Americans planned to mark Shrove Tuesday (traditionally the day for confessing one's sins before the start of Lent) and Ash Wednesday with a visit to Dresden.

Shrove Tuesday

THE RAF BOMBER COMMAND DECIDED on a triple blow against Dresden. The Americans were to have the honor of striking first, but the British wound up starting the battle by launching two raids, one to hit the city at roughly 10 P.M. on February 13 and the other to hit the city three hours later as people emerged from air raid shelters to search for loved ones in the ruins.

At 10 P.M. the first raid approached Dresden. Ahead of it went Avro Lancaster heavy bombers serving as pathfinders, dropping incredibly bright white and green flares that lit up the city. Nine De Havilland Mosquito fighter-bombers, fast two-engine planes, dropped target indicator bombs on a distinctive oval stadium close to the Elbe railroad bridge.

At 10:10 P.M., 225 more Lancasters dropped 875 tons of bombs on Dresden, high explosives and incendiaries. It was a milk run: no anti-aircraft fire and no intercepting fighters. The bombardiers could see the marked target area perfectly.

Dresden resident Otto Griebel was attending a party in a tavern when the first bombs hit. Everyone headed for the beer cellar. "A series of whistling sounds sliced the air, then the building shook from a quick succession of steadily more powerful explosions," Griebel recalled. "The roaring fall and crash of the bombs...didn't seem to stop.... A few of the impacts felt literally like blows to the back of the neck.... It felt as if the whole build ing was rocking on its foundations."

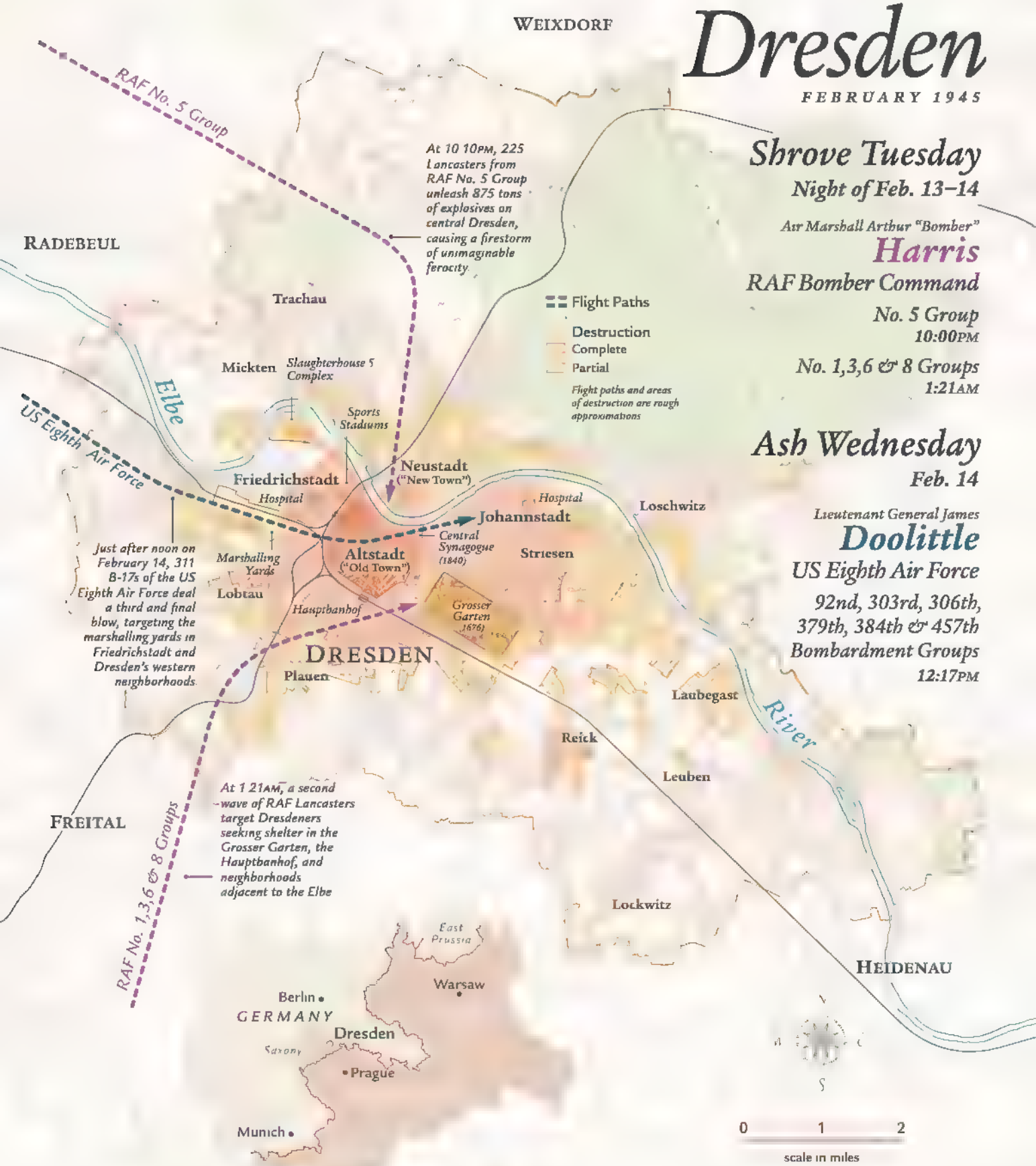
Ilana T., a 17-year-old Jewish slave laborer, was making bullets at the Bernsdorf factory when the sirens began to wail. "It was

OPPOSITE: DREAMLINE CARTOGRAPHY; DAVID DEIS

Above: Dresden wasn't Germany's first city to feel Allied bombs. Here, citizens of Hamburg navigate ruins in July 1943. The Allies raided Hamburg in reply to Germany's bombing of London September 1940–May 1941—the Blitz. Like the Blitz, the Hamburg raids killed more than 40,000.

BOMBING Dresden

FEBRUARY 1945



Shrove Tuesday

Night of Feb. 13–14

Air Marshall Arthur "Bomber"

Harris

RAF Bomber Command

No. 5 Group
10:00PM

No. 1,3,6 & 8 Groups
1:21AM

Ash Wednesday

Feb. 14

Lieutenant General James

Doolittle

US Eighth Air Force

92nd, 303rd, 306th, 379th, 384th & 457th Bombardment Groups
12:17PM

Background Map: Bibliographisches Institut, c.1957; image courtesy of the Map Library at California State University, Northridge

destined to burn by Brian John Murphy

after nine o'clock," she recalled. "We had alarms all the time, so we didn't pay it much attention, but when it sounded and the bombs began falling, we had to take refuge.... There [in a shelter] we spent the whole night and the bombs were falling all around us.... And the funny thing was the Germans, the SS and all the others, came to us at about twelve o'clock and they said, 'We came to stay with you because we have heard that the Jews are lucky.'"

The incendiaries—made with magnesium, phosphorus, and napalm—started hundreds of small fires. Dresden's 1,000 firemen were stymied by the rubble filling the streets. The fires merged fast. Soon whole blocks and neighborhoods in the beautiful Altstadt ("Old City") and other districts in central Dresden were fully aflame. The firefighters were forced to give up on Altstadt.

The huge fires coalesced into a firestorm. Hurricane-force winds violently drew air into the flames. The wind uprooted mature trees. It snatched babies out of carriages and out of mothers' arms. As the wind kicked up, temperatures in the heart of the firestorm rose to 1,000, then 1,500, then 2,000 degrees. Air was sucked out of bomb shelters, replaced by carbon monoxide that suffocated the victims inside. Adults caught outdoors were roasted down to the size of children, almost unrecognizable as human. Hundreds of people were entirely cremated in the 2,000-degree heat, their remains breaking down into flakes of black ash that floated away in the air at the slightest touch.

Surviving Dresdeners were profoundly shocked when, at 1:21 A.M., the second wave of Lancasters began a fresh bomb drop. For about 15 minutes the planes dropped more high explosives and incendiaries. Leaders of this raid could see no point in bombing the original target area, which was a sea of fire, so they dropped their bombs on Dresdeners seeking shelter in the Grosser Garten, the *hauptbanhof* ("main train station"), and on neighborhoods adjacent to the Elbe.

Dresden resident Margaret Freyer recalled, "The firestorm is incredible, there are calls for help and screams from somewhere but all around is one single inferno. To my left I suddenly see a woman. I can see her to this day and shall never forget it. She carries a bundle in her arms, it is her baby. She runs, she falls, and the child flies in an arc into the fire.... Insane fear grips me and...I repeat one simple sentence to myself, 'I don't want to burn to death.'"

The Americans and the Aftermath

NEXT—INCREDIBLY, FOR THE PEOPLE on the ground—would come a heavy daylight raid by the Americans. It was just after noon on February 14 when 311 US Eighth Air Force B-17s flew over Dresden. In just 11 minutes they dropped 1,900 500-pound bombs and 136,800 incendiary bombs on Dresden's western neighborhoods and suburbs. The Friedrichstadt marshalling yards suffered significant damage. Small arms factories on Hamburger Strasse (including Seidel and Naumann, a typewriter factory converted to war work) were bombed out. A hospital in Johannstadt was badly damaged. The hospital complex at Friedrichstadt was also damaged. Housing for foreign workers on Bremer Strasse was destroyed and many were killed.

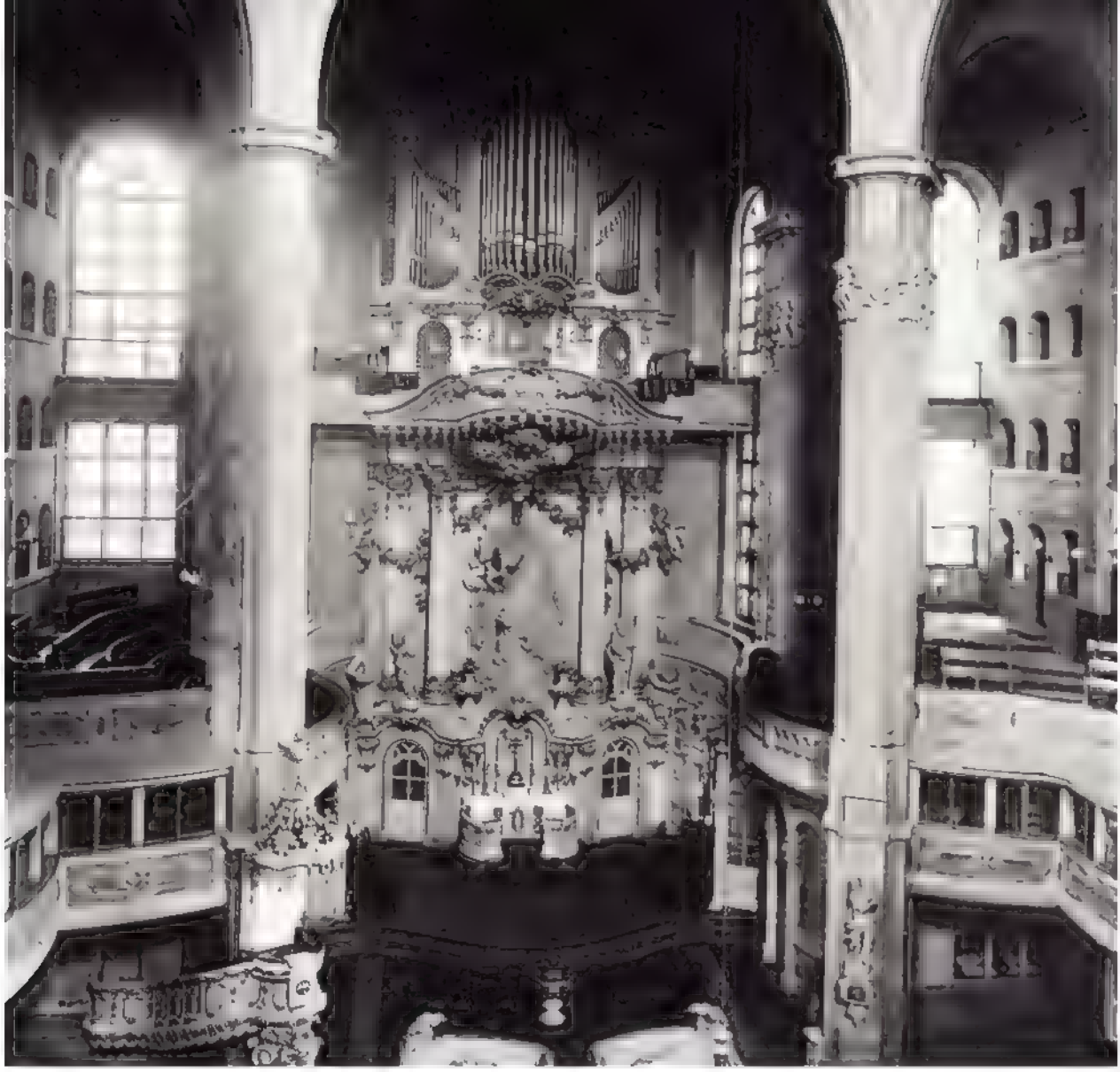
NOW DRESDEN BEGAN THE LONG and difficult task of search and retrieval of the dead. American POWs sheltering in the slaughterhouses west of the city emerged, including Private First Class Kurt Vonnegut, future author of the 1969 novel *Slaughterhouse-Five, or The Children's Crusade: A Duty-Dance with Death*, who had been captured in the Battle of the Bulge. The POWs joined in what Vonnegut called "corpse mining." They and other workers shifted mountains of rubble, exposing black voids in the earth: cellars and bomb shelters. A German would make the first inspection. He might find charred remains or rows of seated, asphyxiated dead, all looking as if they had fallen asleep. In one shelter a group of soldiers and civilians were found, all of whom had committed suicide. Later it was believed that the soldiers had shot the civilians on request and then turned the guns on themselves. Days after the raid the searchers were still discovering more cellars and shelters full of dead. If the stench was too great, flamethrowers were brought up and the victims cremated *in situ*.

Bodies were found tangled in wreckage. Others were sitting on curbstones, apparently intact. Many of these were victims of the bomb explosions' overpressure waves, the concussion from which could be like being struck by a car moving at 30 mph. The Germans had put vats of water in the public squares for wartime use by firemen. Now those vats were full of corpses, people who had drowned or been boiled trying to escape the fire and heat.

The Germans cleared away the dead and, after attempts at identification, transported them for interment in mass graves outside town. The task was so overwhelming that the Germans began igniting daily cremation pyres in the Altmarket ("Old Market") square, where flower markets had once thrived. Five hundred corpses a day could be disposed of in these pyres. Soon there was a carpet of ash obscuring Altmarket's cobblestones. The workers cremating bodies and carting off the fine ash had expert supervisors: SS men who had run the Treblinka extermination camp.

The estimated death toll varies. The official German figure was around 24,000, based on meticulous counts. Some historians think the number is closer to 100,000. About 380,000 people were made homeless.

The Dresden raid was controversial for its casualties, but also for destroying baroque treasures. Above: Three Kings Church graces a square in Neustadt in the days before cars. Gutted by bombs, the church was rebuilt as an events venue. Opposite: The Frauenkirche, the Lutheran Church of Our Lady, collapsed on February 15, 1945. Today, it is restored to the glory seen in this pre-raid photo—but with exterior scars.



A few weeks after the raids, the Red Army overran Dresden. The city became part of Communist East Germany after the war.

During the 1950s, a number of Dresdeners were featured in East German books and articles about the raid as part of ongoing Communist Cold War propaganda. No Allied fighter-bombers or P-51 Mustang fighters had participated in the bomb raid. Nonetheless, the Communists printed and broadcast stories about Mustangs chasing refugees down country roads, bombing farmsteads, and strafing people seeking safety at the edge of the Elbe.

The bombing of Dresden still excites controversy. When a statue of Sir Arthur Harris was erected in London in 1992, it drew a crowd of protestors shouting that Harris was a murderer and war criminal. Queen Elizabeth II was booed that same year when she visited Dresden.

DRESDEN IS STILL REBUILDING. The squares are restored, the Semper Opera is open for business, and palaces and landmark houses of worship have been restored exactly as they were (except the central synagogue). Much of the empty space left after the raid is filled with Cold War–era government buildings, apartment blocks, museums, and memorials, all socialist boxes devoid of the charm of old Dresden.

The Frauenkirche, the Lutheran Church of Our Lady, an 18th-century gem, had stood 300 feet high. It was a beloved part of Dresden's skyline. During the 1945 firestorm, the building was exposed to temperatures over 1,000 degrees; sandstone begins to break down at 800. After being heated, the building quickly cooled, warping its structural support even as its sandstone walls were crumbling. At 10:45 A.M. on February 15, 1945, the building collapsed in on itself, breaking many Dresdeners' hearts.

The Frauenkirche has been rebuilt, but it is not the beauty it once was. Dresdeners used as many original stones as they could, placing ones that were scorched or smoke-stained in prominent view. Once charming, the Frauenkirche is now just a reminder of what was lost in 1945. ★

BRIAN JOHN MURPHY, *a long-time contributing editor of* America *in WWII, wrote dozens of articles for the magazine since its start in 2005. This is his last. He died on October 28, 2014.*

The Shows Must Go

...Or were Broadway's bright lights more likely to attract enemy bombers than people ready to spend money on singing and dancing?

by John E. Stanchak

RAW WHITE LIGHTS. Lit marquees. Automated billboards. Sparkling colored bulbs. From 53rd Street down to 42nd Street and into Times Square, these electric beacons enticed thrill-seekers and art-lovers, gourmets and cocktail scholars to the theaters, nightclubs, restaurants, and lounges of Broadway. For decades, this dazzling street had been called the Great White Way, and on the last day of 1941—New Year's Eve—it was as bright and bustling as ever.

But America was at war now. Soon the Great White Way would grow dim, blacked out as a precaution against enemy air raids. For years this cultural capital of the United States would throw itself into all the confusion, sacrifice, and patriotic spirit of the war effort. On its stages, barstools, and street corners, denizens, tourists, military men, and folks who made their living serving up the night life were already asking the same question: Could Broadway survive the war?

Mayor Fiorello La Guardia always laughed that question off. A spirited leader who played to New York City's cocky self-image, he told anyone who'd listen that New Yorkers could do anything, and with one arm tied behind their backs. But as he patrolled Broadway and environs that New Year's Eve with police commissioner Lewis Valentine, La Guardia really wasn't sure. In fact, he was bitten through with worry.

La Guardia knew what was coming that night. As Broadway's theaters let out, show-goers would join the crowd streaming into Times Square. There, hordes of servicemen on passes and their dates, lounge couples in fancy dress, and New Yorkers in party hats would gather around the *New York Times* Tower. At midnight, an illuminated ball would drop down a pole, officially opening the new year. It would be an absolute festival of light.

That's what worried La Guardia. In addition to being mayor of New York, he was also director of the US Office of Civil Defense, personally appointed by President Franklin Roosevelt. Through briefings and study, he knew the New Year's Eve party in Times

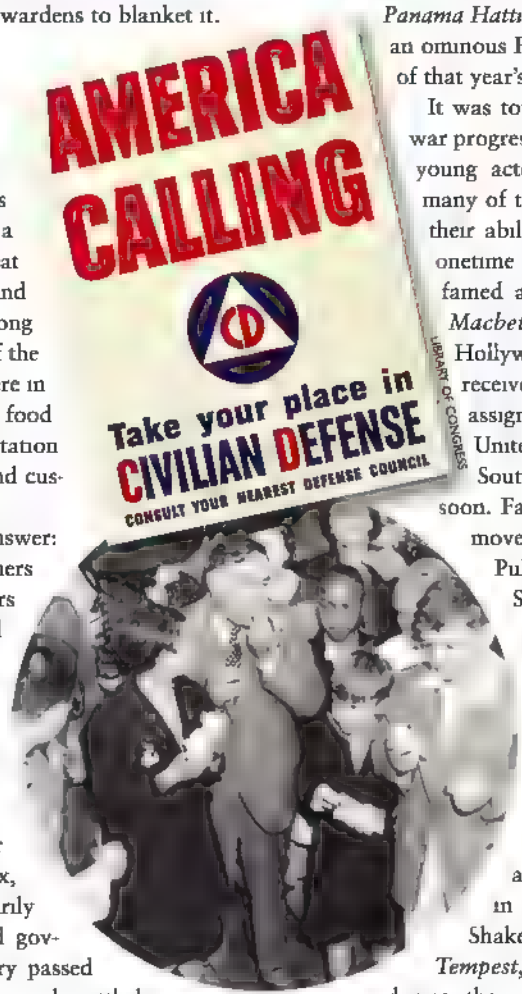
NATIONAL ARCHIVES

New Year's Eve 1941 is a festival of light on Broadway in Times Square. The Chevrolet clock says 12:00—Happy New Year! If all eyes are on us, it's because the photographer is on the *New York Times* Tower, where the ball has just dropped.

On!
HOTEL
MOTEL
12:00
B

Square wasn't just a celebration. It was also a target, an invitation for enemy aircraft to strike an emotionally crippling blow to the city, killing thousands with bombs. No one in the national government could assure him the worst wouldn't happen. But La Guardia knew that after only three weeks of declared war, canceling New Year's Eve and turning off Broadway would send a bad message to the world: New York was shutting down in fear.

So La Guardia gambled. He knew he'd be putting New York on harder war footing in just weeks, but for the moment, the city would put on a tough face for any doubters. For safety that night, La Guardia smothered Times Square and its surrounds with 2,000 policemen, pulled every available piece of firefighting equipment to the area, and unleashed 1,600 air raid wardens to blanket it.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

No Axis bombs fell on Broadway that night. But the question remained: Could Broadway, in all its electric, extravagant glory, survive a prolonged war and all its austerity and other hardships? It was a question of economics. All along the Great White Way, producers, restaurateurs, and club owners wondered how they'd get along when blackouts began—and once most of the able actors, stagehands, and musicians were in uniform, paint for sets was hard to get, food and liquor were rationed, and transportation was restricted. And where would they find customers in the middle of a war?

That last question was the easiest to answer: the US government would deliver customers directly to their doors. Over the four years of war, millions of service men and women would be transported through New York City. Many thousands would be stationed there, adding to the swelling temporary wartime population. Uniformed personnel attended shows, hit the nightclubs, and took dates to restaurants. Allied servicemen from other nations were also sprinkled into the mix, along with thousands of civilians temporarily relocated from Europe. Contractors and government workers from across the country passed through the city on war business or temporarily settled there.

All those people wanted Broadway. They wanted the scenes described by syndicated columnist Walter Winchell from his headquarters at the upscale Stork Club at 3 East 53rd Street. They wanted the Broadway celebrated by celebrities and regular guys at Toots Shor's famous saloon at 51 West 51st Street—the Broadway that welcomed sailors and soldiers at the Stage Door Canteen in the basement of the 44th Street Theater and was home to the renowned Lindy's deli between 49th and 50th streets, where newsmen, show business regulars, and gangsters hung out.

The wartime crowd also wanted to see stars and great entertainment, and they did that year after year. On the tense New Year's Eve of 1941, for instance, the hot tickets were for Vincent Price in the Gothic mystery *Angel Street* (later remade into the enduring film *Gaslight*), Boris Karloff in the comedy *Arsenic and Old Lace*, British sophisticate Noel Coward's light hearted ghost story *Blithe Spirit*, Ethel Merman in Cole Porter's frothy musical *Panama Hattie*, and playwright Lillian Hellman's tale of an ominous Fascist threat, *Watch on the Rhine*, winner of that year's New York Drama Critics' Circle Award.

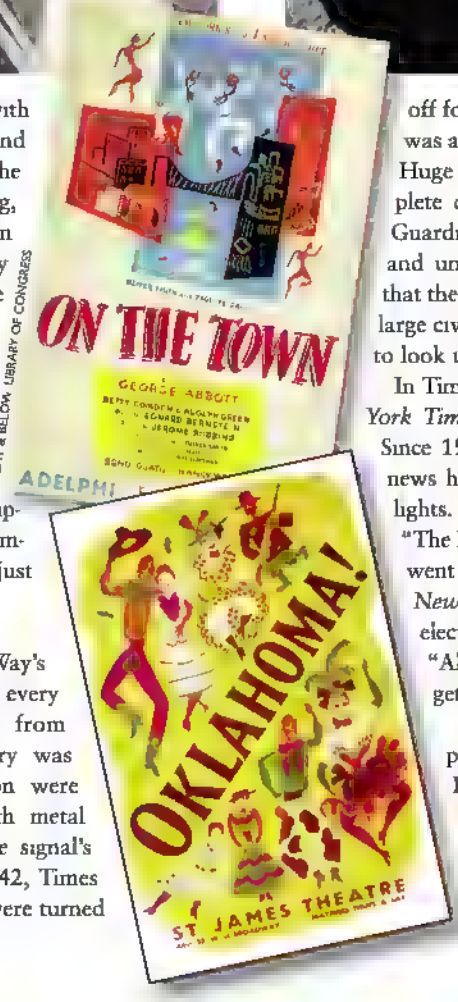
It was tough for the theaters to keep going as the war progressed. They needed talent, but many healthy young actors were drafted into the military, and many of the best playwrights and producers turned their abilities to war work. The Theater District's onetime wonder boy Orson Welles, creator of famed and innovative Broadway productions of *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar*, had gone to Hollywood shortly before the war. There he received a draft deferment and a government assignment to create a film supporting the United States' Good Neighbor policy toward South America. He wouldn't be back anytime soon. Famed playwright Eugene O'Neill had also moved to California and was in poor health. Pulitzer Prize–winning dramatist Robert E. Sherwood was dragooned into service as a speechwriter for Roosevelt (he was credited with creating the phrase "arsenal of democracy") and then became a director of the US Office of War Information.

To help keep theater seats filled, producers fell back on the classics and the work of older, established actors. Famed African American singer, political activist, and performer Paul Robeson packed them in during a long-running production of Shakespeare's *Othello*. The Bard's *Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, and *Richard III* also had Broadway runs during the war years. Old favorites *Our Town* by Thornton Wilder and *Porgy and Bess* by George and Ira Gershwin were revived. George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, Anton Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*, Henrik Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, and Gilbert and Sullivan's venerable musical treats *Pirates of Penzance* and *Ruddigore* all got new productions

The trouble with a bright New Year's Eve was that America was at war. Lights were potential targets for enemy planes. Above: New York mayor Fiorello La Guardia (eating a hot dog with kids) had to keep his city—and Broadway, its heart—running. Top: But he was also US head of Civil Defense, tasked with home-front safety. Clearly, Broadway had to go dim. Could it survive that, especially with so many Theater District men off at war? Opposite: An influx of servicemen passing through New York and war workers, all hungry for nightlife, would save the day—drawn by stars like Ethel Merman (top left) and Vincent Price (top right) and by new shows (bottom) like *On the Town* and *Oklahoma!*.

COURTESY OF WWW.DOCTORMACRO.COM

COURTESY OF WWW.DOCTORMACRO.COM



RIGHT & BELOW, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

While people in show business wrestled with their own unique problems, nightclub and lounge owners struggled with others. With the coming of war, whether you were dancing, watching a movie, or listening to a comic on a club stage, in New York City your party was over at 12 o'clock. James Byrnes, the nation's director of war mobilization, declared a midnight shutdown on all amusements. You couldn't get a drink. Club and bar owners howled that they were being driven out of business. But tough guy Broadway saloonkeeper Toots Shor got everybody laughing when he supported the government, saying, "Any crumbum what can't get plastered by midnight just ain't tryin'."

TO CUT DOWN ON the Great White Way's potential as an air raid target, every other street light in the city from Washington Heights down to the Battery was turned off. The lights that remained on were dimmed. Traffic lights were covered with metal hoods that allowed only a glimpse of the signal's color through a thin slit. On April 28, 1942, Times Square's famous bright novelty billboards were turned off for the duration of the war. Two days later there was a total blackout of Times Square and Broadway. Huge crowds gathered there to see the city in complete darkness for the first time. This annoyed La Guardia, who insisted that everyone remain indoors and under cover during blackouts. He pointed out that the first night of the Blitz in London had produced large civilian casualties because citizens went outdoors to look up at the Nazi aircraft in the night sky.

In Times Square, around the fourth floor of the *New York Times* Tower was something called "the zipper." Since 1928, it had spelled out a continuous string of news headlines to New Yorkers below, using electric lights. At midnight on May 18, 1942, it spelled out "The New York Times bids you goodnight" and then went dark. In Lorraine B. Diehl's history *Over Here! New York City during World War II*, one of the electricians who ran the zipper is quoted as saying, "All I want is to start it up again the night Hitler gets killed. That would tickle me to death."

Meanwhile, in dim light or near darkness, the party went on every night from 5 to 12 at Broadway's Stage Door Canteen. With a capacity of 500, it offered military men every nightclub feature except alcohol, all for free. There the era's most popular big bands played, famed actors and actresses served snacks to

soldiers and sailors, entertainers performed their best bits on stage, and young women volunteers in striped aprons danced and chatted with servicemen. The canteen was a charitable project run by the American Theater Wing, an organization supported by Broadway theater professionals.

The Stage Door Canteen became almost instantly famous across the nation. It spawned the Hollywood Canteen in Los Angeles, inspired movies, and prompted the opening of similar canteens in several large cities, including a branch in London, England, where visitors might have found popular singer Bing Crosby offering up a few tunes or Broadway great Tallulah Bankhead leading a conga line.

In 1944, 19 year-old vixen Lauren Bacall made her smashing movie debut opposite Humphrey Bogart in the wartime adventure

Broadway's Biggest Jerk

WHEN THE COMEDY *Harvey* opened on Broadway in 1944, it was an instant hit. For the star, Frank Fay, it was a chance for a career comeback. Fay portrayed Elwood P. Dowd, a gentle and bemused dipsomaniac who believes he's accompanied by a drinking buddy, an invisible 6-foot, 3-inch rabbit named Harvey. The story follows Dowd's family and associates as they try to commit him to a mental hospital while quietly struggling with their own suspicions that Harvey may be real.

Politics, the war and home-front life and its concerns never come up in *Harvey*. The play merely has sport with the preposterous. In the middle of the era's darkest moments, the public embraced it as unadulterated fun and pure relief. Its author, Mary Chase, received the Pulitzer Prize.

What the public did not know was something everyone in show business privately acknowledged: Frank Fay was the most despised man in the entertainment industry. Born in the 1890s, Fay was one of the founders of stand-up comedy and invented the master of ceremonies role as it is known today. In his youth, stage comics wore silly costumes, worked with partners, and performed memorized routines. Fay became a vaudeville star because he did away with all that. He stood onstage in a tuxedo telling jokes and funny stories without all the grease-paint and slapstick.

Fay became so popular and successful during the 1920s that he played New York City's Palace Theater, vaudeville's premier venue, for the astounding sum of $1,500 a week. Then-rookie comedians Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Milton Berle, and many others studied his content and delivery and copied his style. Fay's celebrity allowed him to date a wide array of women and he eventually wooed and married future movie great Barbara Stanwyck. When talking motion pictures made the scene, Hollywood studios pursued him.

Fay's rise crested in the early 1930s. Then his career started a downhill slide. His movies weren't that successful, and his bride, Stanwyck, surpassed him in popularity. Then job offers started drying up because show business executives from New York to California discovered what Fay's fellow performers already knew: he was an unbearable egocentric, a wife-beater, and a loathsome anti-Semite.

In one famous show-business inside story from that time, Fay noticed young performer Milton Berle watching his act offstage and told theater hands to get that little Jew bastard out of the wings. On hearing that, Berle waited for him to exit, then clobbered him with a piece of wood. In Los Angeles, the inside-the-business joke became "Question: Which Hollywood actor has the biggest prick? Answer: Barbara Stanwyck."

Stanwyck dropped Fay in an ugly public divorce, and he was slowly reduced to occasional radio work. He was rescued from the show business dustbin by Broadway director Antoinette Perry when she cast him in *Harvey*. The play ran for more than 1,800 performances and paid Fay well. But he just wouldn't keep his mouth shut.

A staunch Irish Roman Catholic, virulent anti-Communist, and friend of controversial ultra-conservative political radio commentator Father Charles Coughlin (a supporter of Fascism before Pearl Harbor), Fay put loose opinions in World War II's last days. Following the peace, things hit bottom when Fay suggested that the House Un-American Activities Committee investigate members of the Actors' Equity Association—the labor union for the performers and others working in live theater—for supporting a campaign to aid Spanish political refugees from Fascist dictator Francisco Franco's regime and its ranking supporters in Spain's Catholic Church.

Fay claimed the Actors' Equity campaign was anti-Catholic. The union said it was simply anti-Fascist. Far-right-wing extremists, former German American Bund (Nazi Party) members, Ku Klux Klansmen, and assorted crank publicity rushed to Fay's support. To people across America who had just given so much to defeat Fascists, Nazis, and imperialists, this was too much too soon. To them, Franco was a jerk and an old pal of Adolf Hitler.

But Fay and his associates paid no heed. In 1946, his radical far-right supporters held a rally at Madison Square Garden under a banner that read "The Friends of Frank Fay." That drove the last nail into the coffin of his career.

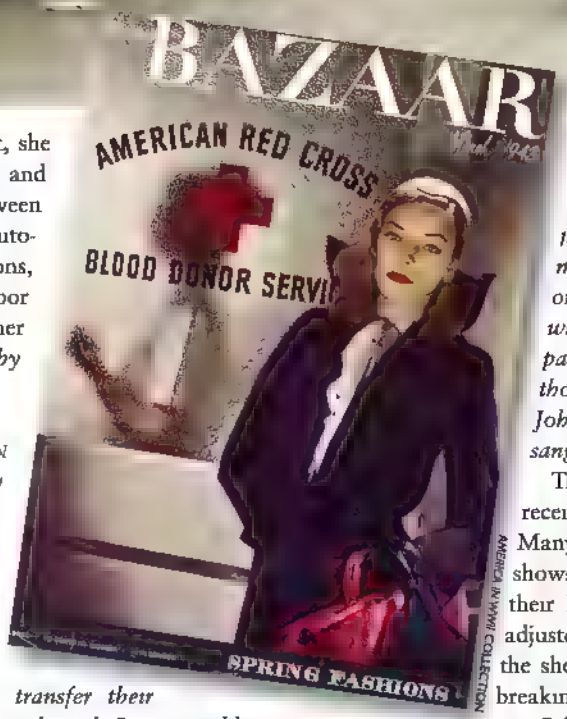
Harvey's bright and affirmative reputation was rescued when popular film actor and WWII combat bomber pilot Jimmy Stewart briefly replaced Fay in the part of Elwood P. Dowd. Stewart proved more popular in the role than the pitted old comic had been. Meanwhile, Fay lost his table at the iconic New York show business eatery Lindy's, and Actors' Equity censured him for "conduct prejudicial to the association or its membership."

Fay was a true entertainment pioneer. But when he died in 1961, he was largely forgotten.

—*John Stanchak*

Barbara Stanwyck wed Frank Fay in 1928. But they fought often, and Fay reportedly got violent at times. They split in 1935.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES



AMERICA IN WWII COLLECTION

To Have and Have Not. But before that, she was a precocious teenage fashion model and stage-struck Broadway wannabe. Between working as a theater usher, hunting autographs, and going on rounds of auditions, she found time to volunteer as a Stage Door Canteen girl at its opening in 1942. In her 1978 autobiography *Lauren Bacall by Myself*, she wrote,

"The Stage Door Canteen was about to open in New York and it needed hostesses. Only theatre folk qualified. I signed up for Monday nights. I was to dance with any soldier, sailor, or marine who asked—get drinks or coffee for them, listen to their stories. Many of them had girls at home—were homesick—would transfer their affections to one of us out of loneliness and need. Some would come every Monday night to see the same girl. It was really very sweet and sad and fun, a natural set-up for a dreamer. There was always music, and stars would appear each night to entertain or talk to the boys from the small stage. My first night there I couldn't believe it—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne were washing dishes and serving coffee. Helen Hayes too....

On Monday nights there was fierce jitterbugging. Many a time I found myself in the middle of a circle—everyone clapping to the music—while I was whirled and twirled by one guy, then passed on to another, non-stop, until I thought I would drop. Judy Garland and Johnny Mercer came in one night and sang some of Mercer's songs...."

Troops on leave in the city often received free tickets to plays and movies. Many servicemen got to see Broadway shows for the first and perhaps only time in their lives. And once the Theater District adjusted to wartime's challenges, some of the shows the GIs got to see were groundbreaking, history-making productions. There was John Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down*, *The Skin of our Teeth* by Thornton Wilder, and Irving Berlin's *This Is the Army*. John Hersey's *Bell for Adano* opened on Broadway during the war, as did the John Van Druten feel good melodrama *I Remember Mama*, the comedy *Harvey* by Mary Chase, and Tennessee Williams's pioneering drama *The Glass*

Top: Assorted servicemen—and an enterprising shoe-shiner—cluster around the entrance to Broadway's Stage Door Canteen. There, military personnel could rub elbows with stars and take in live entertainment, all for free. The only thing absent was alcohol. Above: On the March 1943 cover of *Harper's Bazaar* magazine, actress Lauren Bacall somehow makes wartime blood donation seem glamorous.

Boris Karloff (right), famous for his film role as Frankenstein's monster, plays Jonathan Brewster in *Arsenic and Old Lace* on Broadway. The comedy ran for more than 1,440 performances from 1941 to 1944. Karloff's character was a killer whose identity-changing plastic surgery left him looking like...Boris Karloff.

by John E. Stanchak

Menagerie. The musicals *On the Town*, *Oklahoma!*, and *Carousel* all premiered to home front audiences.

Reputations were made in Broadway's war years. Actor Montgomery Clift would be remembered as one of the most talented movie heartthrobs of the late 1940s and 1950s. He made his theater debut at age 15. Because of a draft deferment in 1942 due to colitis, he found himself one of a small circle of young men available for work on stage and landed a role in that year's Pulitzer Prize–winning play *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Working alongside veteran actors Frederic March and Tallulah Bankhead, he won the notice that put him on the road to Hollywood.

Leonard Bernstein was a 25 year-old *cum laude* graduate of Harvard working as the New York Philharmonic Orchestra's conducting assistant in November 1943. An orchestra performance led by famed conductor Bruno Walter was to be broadcast live nationwide on radio when, at the last minute, he fell ill. Bernstein took his place and was an instant sensation. That led to a partnership with lyricists Betty Comden and Adolf Green that resulted in the December 1944 Broadway premiere of the thunderously popular story of three singing sailors on leave in Manhattan, *On the Town*, remembered for the song that goes "New York, New York, a helluva town / The Bronx is up but the Battery's down / The people ride around in a hole in the ground...." Called America's first native classical conducting talent, Bernstein became a US cultural icon for the remainder of the 20th century, best remembered for writing the 1950s musical *West Side Story*.

On wartime Broadway, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II reinvented American musical theater right before the eyes of housewives, mature couples, and servicemen passing through New York. Their 1943 production *Oklahoma!* and 1945 hit *Carousel* combined detailed plots with accompanying musical numbers in a way that had rarely been seen before. The shows released fistfuls of hits that kept war-era New Yorkers singing through to V-J Day: "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," "Surrey with the Fringe on Top," "Oklahoma," "If I Loved You," and "You'll Never Walk Alone."

IN THE END, the worrisome question from December 1941—"Could Broadway survive the war?"—was answered when *Yank: The Army Weekly*, a tabloid distributed to all GIs, polled show business industry newspapers in the last days of the war. *Yank* tallied up the productions and stood dumbfounded by the profits. In the last full year of the war, Broadway had seen "41 comedies, 30 straight dramas, 25 musicals, four melodramas, one farce, three spectacles, and two variety shows." Show business's reputation as a bad investment was temporarily put to rest. Some shows had made a little money. Others were more like *Arsenic and Old Lace*, which, after 1,440 performances, had generated a fine wartime profit of $4 million. Broadway had come through the crisis in fine fashion.

PHOTO & ARTIFACT COURTESY OF THE KUSHLAN FAMILY COLLECTION

Airmen in Times Square, 1944 (from left): Pennsylvanian Bill Kushlan, Mississippian George Bradford, Pennsylvanian E.P. Kubisiak, and Hendrickson, a Kentuckian. Inset: At the Stork Club, said Kushlan, they saw the prices and "thought we'd better get out of there." The coin was free.

OPPOSITE COURTESY OF WWW.DOCTORMACRO.COM

JOHN E. STANCHAK *of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, writes frequently for* America in WWII *on politics, show biz, and pop culture.*

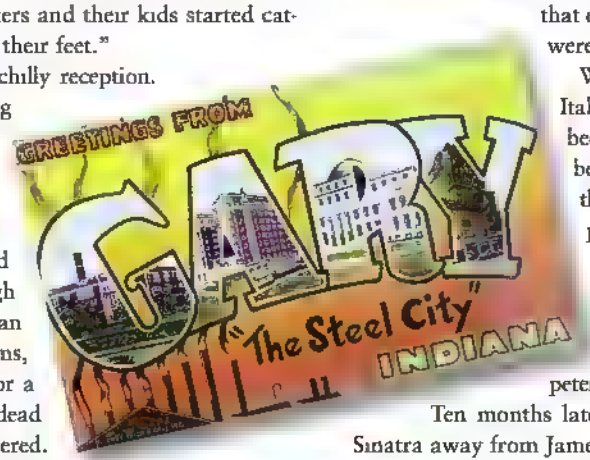
Frank Sinatra takes on GARY, INDIANA

Ol' Blue Eyes was fed up with prejudice. So when white Indianans boycotted their high school for admitting African Americans, he hopped a plane for a face-to-face.

by Chuck Lyons

Frank Sinatra took the stage in front of a packed house of thousands at Gary Public Schools Memorial Auditorium in Gary, Indiana. The audience wasn't the cheering and swooning teenagers he was used to seeing during the war. Songwriter Jack Keller, on the scene with Sinatra's entourage, recalled, "We were skeptical and pretty damned frightened as to what would happen...." He said the crowd of "rough, tough steel workers and their kids started catcalling and whistling and stamping their feet."

But Sinatra was prepared for a chilly reception. He didn't visit Gary to seduce adoring fans with song. He was there to take the town to task. The same month that a united effort by Americans of varied ethnic backgrounds had won the Second World War, Gary had boycotted its high school for admitting African American students. "Frank folded his arms, looked down at them and stared for a full two minutes, until there was dead silence in the room," Keller remembered.



Sinatra had had enough of prejudice. Having grown up in Hoboken, New Jersey, as a skinny Italian kid, he talked about how he lived right in the thick of it. His memory of teenage days during the Depression was "tough kids on street corners, gang fights, and parents too busy trying to make enough money for food, rent, and clothing.... The kids in Irish, Negro, and Jewish neighborhoods ganged together.... We found release from our loneliness in vicious race wars."

Though Sinatra has been accused of creating a tough-childhood mythology, and some family members have said they never saw him taunted for his Italian heritage and seldom if ever saw him in fights, he did come away from spending his formative years in an immigrant neighborhood with an aversion to prejudice. "When Sinatra thought about what moved him," wrote Sinatra biographer James Kaplan, "he kept coming back to the times he had been made to feel small for who he was.... When you had a name that ended with a vowel, it was easy to feel you weren't a full-fledged American."

Whatever obstacles Sinatra faced as an Italian American, they didn't keep him from becoming a professional singer in 1932. He began taking gigs wherever he could get them, he worked hard, and he developed a personal style. "I was making nothing," he remembered, "but it was great experience." After seven years of singing locally and getting whatever radio time he could, Sinatra signed as a vocalist with trumpeter Harry James's new big band in June 1939.

Ten months later, Tommy Dorsey hired the 24-year-old Sinatra away from James, and Sinatra sang at his first Dorsey gig in January 1940. By mid July Dorsey and Sinatra had a hit, "I'll Never Smile Again," which topped the pop charts for 12 weeks. A year later, national music magazines were calling Sinatra the number one male vocalist in America. That December, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, and many celebrities went off to serve in the military. Sinatra, however, was exempted from service because of a perforated eardrum, creating a controversy that still lingers.

By early 1943, Sinatra had left Dorsey and was pursuing a solo career. He had enjoyed some good years professionally, putting 23

LEFT: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. OPPOSITE: COURTESY OF WWW.DOCTORMACRO.COM

Frank Sinatra performs for fans who showed up for a night of singing and dancing. The situation was quite different when he visited Gary, Indiana, in 1945. Gary, dubbed "The Steel City" on this 1940s postcard, greeted him with an assembly that a member of his entourage described as "rough, tough steel workers and their kids."

top 10 singles on the charts since 1940 and causing teenage riots wherever he appeared. *Time* magazine reported, "Not since the days of [actor Rudolph] Valentino has American womanhood made such unabashed public love to an entertainer."

As Sinatra grew in popularity and traveled more frequently throughout the United States, he had ample opportunity to see for himself that prejudice was rampant across the nation. The military put African Americans in all-African American units. In the South, public facilities such as restrooms, water fountains, hotels, and restaurants were segregated. The situation was not much better in the North, though the discrimination was generally less overt. Sinatra frequently witnessed prejudice against the African American entertainers who worked with him. Some hotels wouldn't let them perform at all. Most would let them take the stage, but not let them stay in a room overnight.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

A poster for an appearance at New York City's Copacabana, where "bevy of Copa girls" meant dancers with pink hair and mink bras and panties.

Racist actions often provoked Sinatra into public confrontations, but he realized the best way to attack prejudice was by educating young people. In 1944, as his popularity reached new heights, he was invited to the White House to meet President Franklin Roosevelt. There he told Roosevelt he intended to start speaking out to youths about "the need for tolerance...and the principles for which our grandfathers founded this country." Roosevelt, whose wife, Eleanor, frequently made her own public calls for racial justice, gave his blessing.

The following year, Sinatra spoke 30 times to young audiences about the need for tolerance. The effort got the attention of young and old alike, and he was asked by movie director Mervyn LeRoy to document his anti-prejudice campaign. The resulting film short was released in theaters for screening before features as *The House I Live In*.

As *The House I Live In* was being put together in the summer of 1945, racial tensions began to boil over in Gary. The specific issue was school segregation, and this wasn't the first time it was a problem in the town. Back when the Ralph Waldo Emerson School opened there in 1909, with education innovator William A. Wirt as the first superintendent, it was an all-white facility, but with overcrowding in the 1920s, Wirt admitted 6 black students in 1926 and an additional 18 in 1927.

The move did not sit well with many white students and parents in Gary, and on Monday, September 26, 1926, about 600 kids walked out of their classes in protest. The walkout grew into a full blown student strike with more than 1,300 students, parents, and other community members protesting in front of the school. After four days of negotiating, a compromise was reached and the protest ended. Three of the original African American students admitted in 1926 were allowed to stay and graduate from Emerson. The others were sent to a different school.

A couple of decades later, as many white and African American residents of Gary were off fighting the Second World War, there was another struggle over school desegregation. Local chapters of the League of Women Voters, the YWCA, the teachers union, and others pushed for the racial integration of Gary's Friedrich Froebel High School. By 1944 they seemed to have won the debate, and African Americans accounted for 41 percent of the school's enrollment of 3,300.

But on September 18, 1945, a couple of weeks after the Japanese

Moving Images

By 1945 Frank Sinatra had a solid reputation not just for singing, but also for anti-prejudice activism. That summer, RKO Pictures director Mervyn LeRoy approached him about doing a movie short to promote tolerance. The film could reach a thousand times more people than any speech, LeRoy said. Sinatra had already made one movie, the feature *Anchors Aweigh*, and he readily agreed to the proposal.

NATIONAL FILM REGISTRY

Sinatra's 1945 anti-prejudice film packed a lot of message into 15 minutes.

Released in November 1945, the 15-minute movie short *The House I Live In* begins with Sinatra singing at a recording session. When he finishes, he goes out in the alley to have a cigarette and notices a group of boys chasing and threatening a Jewish boy. Sinatra asks what's going on, and the boys tell him they don't like the other boy because he's Jewish. Sinatra gathers together the bullies and the Jewish boy and has a heart-to-heart with them, telling them that "religion makes no difference, except maybe to a Nazi, or somebody that's stupid." He then sings the film's title song: "What is America to me . . . The house I live in / A plot of earth, a street, The grocer and the butcher and the people that I meet / The children in the playground, the faces that I see / All races and religions, that's America to me...." At the end, all the boys walk off together.

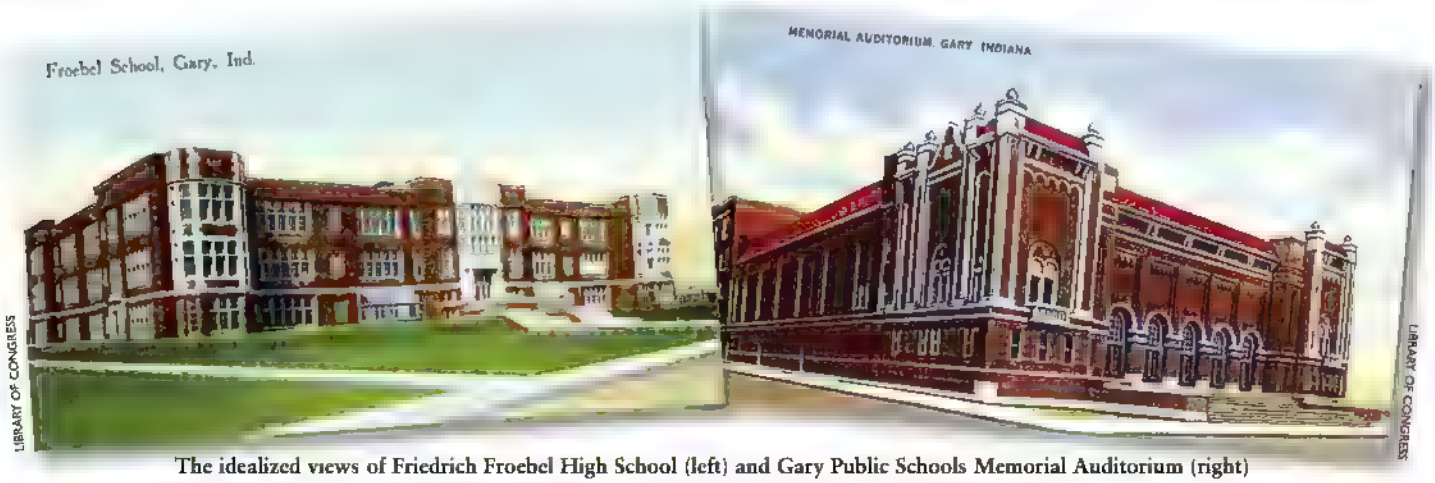
The song became a hit. The movie was awarded a special Academy Award and was chosen to be included in the collection of the National Film Registry of the Library of Congress. Sinatra took no pay from the project, and proceeds went to charity.

—*Chuck Lyons*

Frank Sinatra takes on GARY, INDIANA by Chuck Lyons

surrender, racism again drew attention to Gary. Several hundred white students walked out of their classrooms and demanded that all African Americans be removed from Froebel. Principal Richard A. Nuzum had worked to improve conditions for African American students at the school, allowing them to play in the orchestra, swim in the school's pool, and participate in other activities that were once off-limits. Many white students didn't approve and accused Nuzum of using them as guinea pigs in racial experiments. They demanded his resignation. The walkout ended when an official investigation of Nuzum was launched in October 1945, but it resumed weeks later when Nuzum was cleared of any wrong doing.

The school's administrators proved powerless to end the reinvigorated boycott on their own, so they looked beyond Gary for help. They invited Sinatra and heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis to talk to the student body. Louis was unable to make it, but Sinatra canceled a $10,000 concert booking to make the trip. When he arrived in town on November 1, wrote James Kaplan, he



The idealized views of Friedrich Froebel High School (left) and Gary Public Schools Memorial Auditorium (right) shown on these 1940s postcards stand in sharp contrast to the weighty events that occurred at those locations in 1945.

was walking "straight into a powder keg: a tough steel town where the white students' fathers feared the blacks had come to take their jobs. The kids were their parents' outriders in hate; the whole city was united in toxic fury."

This was the atmosphere in Gary Public Schools Memorial Auditorium when Sinatra took the stage. Once he was able to quiet the jeering crowd, he started his talk and called the boycott "the most shameful incident in the history of American education." He placed the blame on local business leaders rather than the students. "I implore you to return to school," he said. "This is a bad deal, kids. It's not good for you and it's not good for the city of Gary, which has done so much to help with the war for freedom the world over." For good measure, he threw in some singing before he left, too.

In the aftermath of the visit, the media and the public wondered whether Sinatra had made a difference. On the other side of the Indiana Illinois border, the *Edwardsville Intelligencer* reported, "there was doubt that Sinatra's appeal had worked. The strike leaders had not attended the meeting, and few of the striking students who were there stayed throughout the program."

Eleven days later, the student strike was over. Whether or not Sinatra had changed anyone's mind, his visit did shine a national spotlight on the racial issues that continued to divide the country. Poet Carl Sandburg, novelist Edna Ferber, and other notables traveled to Gary to personally assess the situation. The following year the school district adopted a policy stating, "Children may not be discriminated in the school district in which they live, or within the schools in which they attend, because of race, color or religion." A decade later, the Supreme Court ruled school segregation unconstitutional in the *Brown v. Board of Education* decision. The practice of providing "separate but equal" schools for whites and African Americans was officially finished.

SINATRA HAD MEANWHILE SEEN his career lag, but it regained momentum with his Oscar-winning role in the 1953 movie *From Here to Eternity*. For the rest of his life, he used his place in the spotlight to push for civil rights. He had many African American friends and famously stood up for them. In 1950, when he'd fallen ill, he went against advice and chose Billy Eckstine to replace him as singer at New York City's Copacabana, making Eckstine the first African American ever to appear in that club. He was known to insist that his African American arranger, Sy Oliver, stay in the same whites-only hotels he stayed in. He also worked to desegregate of the Hollywood musicians union, demanding that any orchestra that worked with him be racially integrated. "As long as most white men think of a Negro first and a man second, we're in trouble," he once said. "I don't know why we can't grow up."

Sinatra received numerous humanitarian awards for his work against intolerance during his lifetime, including the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in 1971, the Humanitarian Award presented by Variety Clubs International in 1980, and an honorary doctorate from Wilberforce University, the oldest private African American university in the United States. As the Reverend Jesse Jackson said after Sinatra's death in 1998, "There was room for everybody at the chairman's table." ★

CHUCK LYONS, *a retired newspaper editor, frequently writes about the home front for* America in WWII.

"Roll 'er through to Fairbanks!"

Greyhound serves America-at-War along the Alcan Military Highway

THE OUTLINE MAP below shows the Alcan Highway (heavy red line, including both highway and rail links) in relation to the 68,000-mile Greyhound System and its principal bus line connections.

No, you can't ride a Greyhound Super-Coach to Alaska over the Alcan Highway . . . not today!

But, just the same, these familiar blue-and-white buses are rolling on that highway—doing an important job for Uncle Sam, along the most amazing military road of all history.

Buses have followed the bulldozers on the Alcan! Operating under direction of the Northwest Service Command, they are carrying the military and civilian personnel that is building, strengthening, protecting the great road.

The Alcan Military Highway is an everlasting tribute to the courage and skill of the Army Engineer Corps—that grand body of men who shoved it through ice and storm and bottomless muskeg in impossibly fast time.

What's more, it's America's pledge to the world that we'll run the greedy little Japs clear back to Tokyo and beyond! It's a pledge, too, of cooperation and friendship between Canada and the United States—a mighty link in the chain of highways that will one day span all the Americas.

After Victory comes, who can doubt that roads and buses will work together to develop the wonderland of Western Canada and Alaska, just as they have worked to give America the most convenient and flexible peacetime transportation—***and as they are now working to carry the Nation's manpower in time of war.***

GREYHOUND

GREYHOUND LINES • 1943

BOB GABRICK COLLECTION

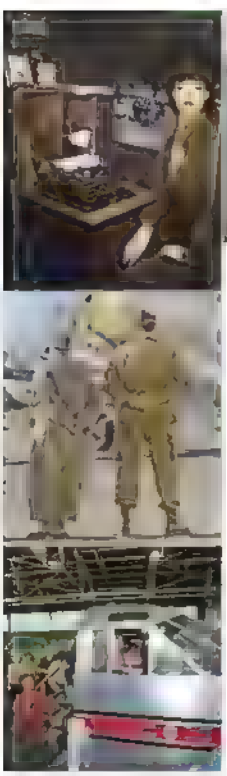
AMERICA IN WWII

The War • The Home Front • The People

2015 ANNUAL WORLD WAR II

TRAVEL PLANNER

Whether you take to the road, the sea, or the sky this spring and summer, make sure your travel adventures include these World War II destinations!



American Airpower Museum
at Historic Republic Airport

Where history takes flight!

INTERACTIVE EXHIBITS • FLIGHT SIMULATOR
OPERATIONAL WWII AIRPLANES
KIDS PARTIES • FLIGHT EXPERIENCES

www.americanairpowermuseum.org
Open Year Round, Th-Sun: 10:30AM-4PM
For more info call. (631) 293-6398
1230 New Hwy, Farmingdale, New York

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN G.I.

Where American Military History Comes Alive!

Living History Weekend 2015

March 27 - 28, 2015

WWII Tanks
WWII - Vietnam Era Military Vehicles
Living History Displays
Historic Weapons Demonstrations

WWII BATTLE REENACTMENT

Saturday at 3 PM

Admission: Adults $10 Children $5 5 and under – Free
FREE PARKING

This program made possible in part through Hotel Tax Revenue funded from the City of College Station through the Arts Council of Brazos Valley

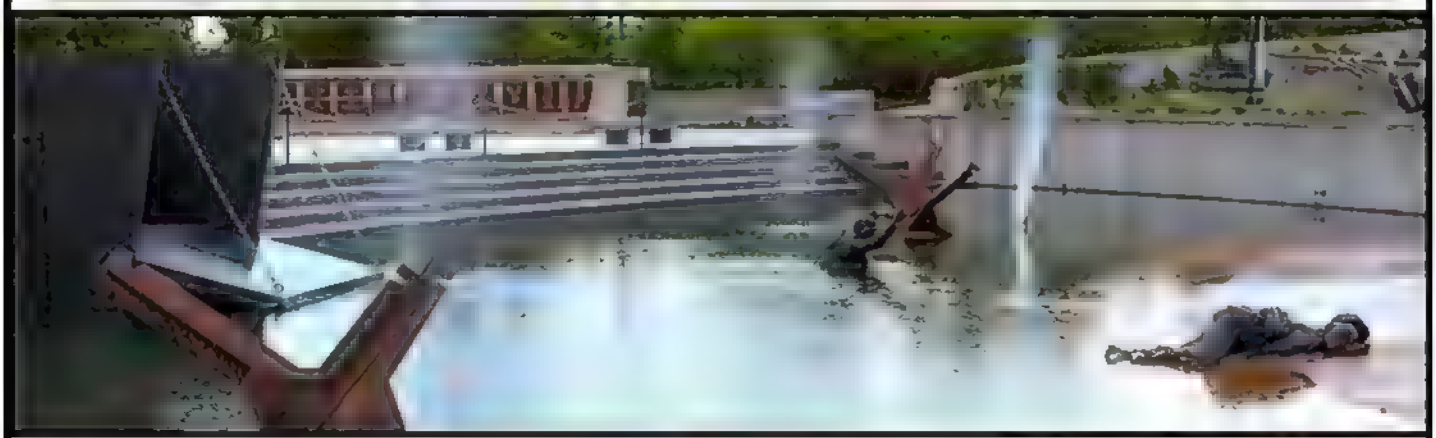
Preserve ★ Honor ★ Educate
College Station, Texas www.americangimuseum.org

THE NATIONAL D-DAY MEMORIAL
BEDFORD ★ VIRGINIA

The National D-Day Memorial is the #1 attraction in Virginia according to TripAdvisor.com. Since its dedication, over 1.3 million people have visited the Memorial, and over 150,000 students from different states have participated in the Foundation's educational programming. Discover the lessons and legacy of World War II at the nation's memorial to D-Day.

"Bring Your Family Here! History Must be SEEN!"

This memorial really brings history to life. The docents and the memorial itself are so amazing to listen to and see. Freedom isn't free, and this place just brings the message home. Very moving to visit and see the sacrifice others have made for us. (Reviewed on TripAdvisor, 5 of 5 stars)



Stay Connected

for up-to-date information about The National D-Day Memorial

GPS Address: 3 Overlord Circle, Bedford, Virginia ★ P.O. Box 77, Bedford, Virginia 24523

800-351-DDAY ★ DDAY.ORG

Near Savannah!
Exit 102 on I-95
www.mightyeighth.org

National Museum of the Mighty Eighth Air Force

Visit Today

- AMPLE FREE PARKING
- GROUP TOURS AVAILABLE
- GIFT SHOP
- MISS SOPHIE'S PUB SERVING LUNCH WEEKDAYS FROM 11-2

- VINTAGE AIRCRAFT
- INTERACTIVE DISPLAYS
- MEMORIAL GARDENS
- EXTENSIVE RESEARCH LIBRARY

175 Bourne Avenue (10 minutes from downtown Savannah) | Pooler, GA 31322
OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK FROM 9:00 AM – 5:00 PM
Phone: 912.748.8888 | www.mightyeighth.org

AWWII_2014

amazonsmile
You shop. Amazon gives.

Visit our website for event details!
WARBIRDS
OVER THE BEACH
Military Aviation Museum
* Annual Air Shows
* Hangar Dances
* Guest Speakers & More
Open Daily 9AM to 5PM Virginia Beach, VA
www.MilitaryAviationMuseum.org 757 721 7767

GOING OUR WAY?

When you visit the wonderful sites listed in our Travel Planner, tell them *America in WWII* sent you. And if you visit any unlisted sites, tell them they belong in next year's planner!

LIBERTY SHIP JOHN W. BROWN

2015 Cruises:

May 9 and June 13 on Chesapeake Bay in Baltimore. Please check our website for possible **Fall Cruise Dates**.

The day cruise features lunch, period entertainment, and flybys (conditions permitting) of period aircraft. Tour the engine room, museums, bridge, and much more.

Order your tickets online at www.ssjohnbrown.com

For information call: 410-558-0164

Conditions and penalties apply to cancellations.

For more information: www.liberty ship.com

25th Annual

WORLD WAR II WEEKEND

~ A Gathering Of Warbirds ~

JUNE 5, 6, 7, 2015

Mid Atlantic Air Museum

11 Museum Drive, Reading, PA 19605
610-372-7333 www.maam.org

HEROES BORN HERE.

Experience a place where the heroes of today can honor the heroes of the past, and inspire the heroes of tomorrow. From the Admiral Nimitz Museum, to the Pacific Combat Zone, to the interactive George H.W. Bush Gallery, the National Museum of the Pacific War offers an exciting telling of WWII in the Pacific, and the rich story of the fight for our freedom.

PacificWarMuseum.org

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE PACIFIC WAR

Home of Admiral Nimitz Museum | Fredericksburg, Texas

WWII
THE NATIONAL WWII MUSEUM
NEW ORLEANS

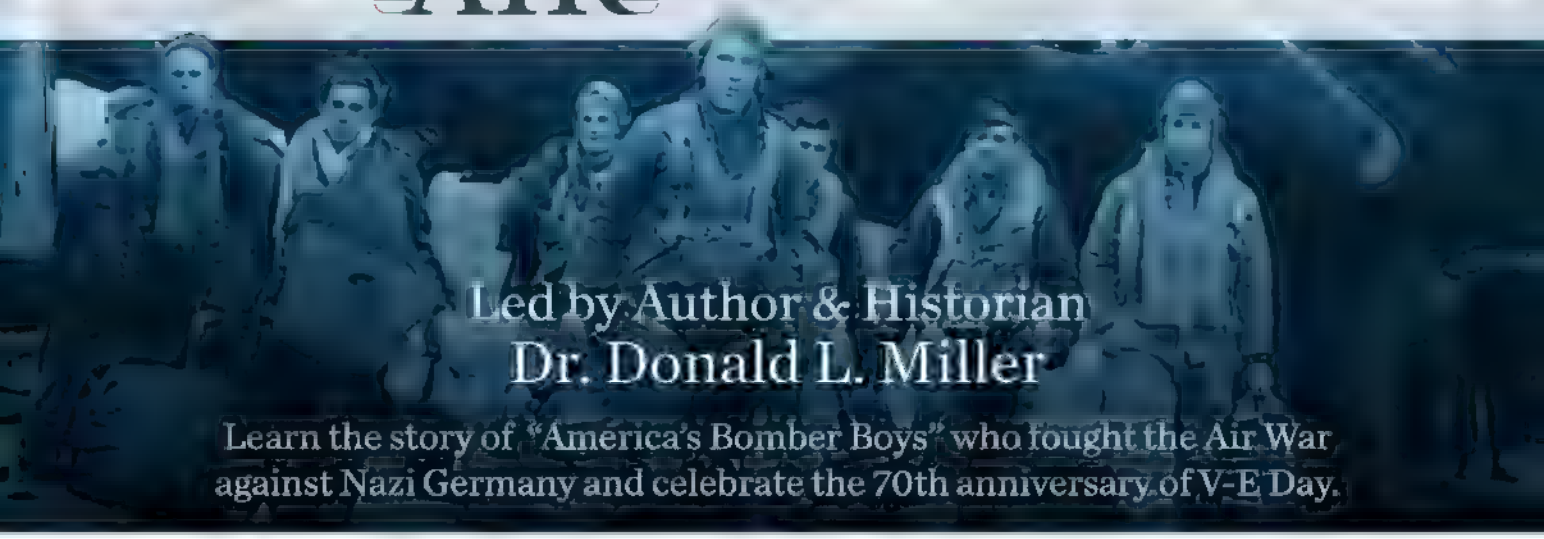
Two Exclusive Tours

presented by The National WWII Museum

MASTERS OF THE AIR

MAY 5 – 12, 2015

England



Led by Author & Historian
Dr. Donald L. Miller

Learn the story of "America's Bomber Boys" who fought the Air War against Nazi Germany and celebrate the 70th anniversary of V-E Day.

BAND OF BROTHERS

JUNE 5 – 15, 2015

England – France – The Netherlands – Belgium
Luxembourg – Germany – Austria

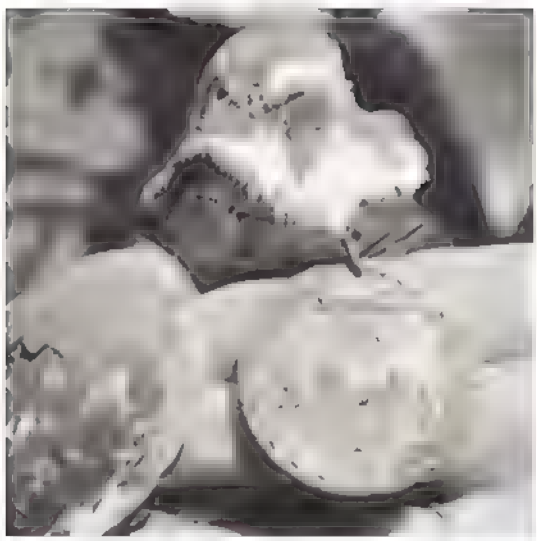
Normandy, Market Garden, Battle of the Bulge, and Beyond

Join top-rated battlefield guides as you follow Easy Company across Europe

CALL 877-813-3329 x 257 OR VISIT WW2MUSEUMTOURS.ORG TO LEARN MORE

WAR STORIES

A WWII Scrapbook



BOTH IMAGES: COURTESY OF ELROY RAUSCH

UNCLE RED THE PIGEON SOLDIER

My wife's uncle Elroy "Red" Rausch served in the US Army Signal Corps Pigeon Service in World War II. We learned of his service through the stories of his wife, Sally, and from *The Pigeons That Went to War* (1981), a book by Gordon Hayes, the commander of his unit.

Rausch was drafted into the pigeon service early on in the war. Evidently Milwaukee was one of several pigeon centers in the United States where young men bred and kept pigeons for show and racing. After basic training for the army's pigeon service, Rausch was sent to North Africa with his unit. They moved quickly into the field and divided into five combat mobile teams. Rausch was assigned to Team 4 along with Sergeant Robert Steinhaus, another Milwaukee native, and the Fletcher brothers

After some early action, Team 4 was operating at Beja, Tunisia. Steinhaus and Rausch had a favorite bird they called Wisconsin Boy. Making an important flight from Tebourba, Tunisia, to its home loft in Beja, Wisconsin Boy, just 12 weeks old, flew 40 miles in 40 minutes. The message he carried, dated May 6, 1943, was from a war correspondent with the 1st Infantry Division and stated that the enemy was evacuating Tebourba and moving toward Tunis.

Eventually Steinhaus and Rausch were sent to Italy. While they were serving with the British X Corps on October 18, 1943, among the pigeons they sent out was one named GI Joe. He made a famous flight that was credited with saving the lives of at least 150 British soldiers who were caught in a forward position in Calvi Vecchia, Italy, where Allied bombing was to take place. The message got back just in time to stop the bombing. GI Joe became the first American war pigeon decorated by the British government.

On February 19, 1943, Rausch's unit was surprised during a mission by heavy shelling from the Germans. The men abandoned their trucks and ran for cover. Rausch was taken to a French field hospital after getting hit in the mouth and head with shrapnel. Later he received the Purple Heart. He also achieved the rank of sergeant during the war.

After the war, Rausch married my wife's aunt, Sally Sadowski, and they built a house on an acre and a half of land in Mequon, Wisconsin. Of course, Rausch continued his love of animals by raising and showing pigeons and rabbits at county and state fairs in the Midwest.

Thomas F. Pokrandt
relative of **Elroy Rausch**, *wartime sergeant in the US Army Signal Corps Pigeon Service*
Saint Francis, Wisconsin

ALL SET TO INVADE JAPAN

In July 1945, after finishing boot camp at Bainbridge, Maryland, I was shipped to the staging area for the invasion of

Above, left: GI Joe receives the Dickin Medal, a British award honoring animals in war. Above, right: Elroy "Red" Rausch poses on leave in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A member of the US Army Pigeon Service, Rausch worked with GI Joe in Italy.

Japan, at Samar in the Philippines. We were in the naval amphibious landing forces that would be in the first waves of the invasion. We were told that there would be 100,000 casualties [some predictions put total casualties in the millions] and most of us might not survive. At that time Japan had five million under arms.

The operation, named Coronet [the invasion of the island of Honshu, part of the overall invasion of Japan, codenamed Operation Downfall], was slated to start in November 1945. I vowed that if I survived the landing, I would ask to be transferred from the navy to the marines to fight on land for the conquest of Japan.

This all never happened, as the atom bombs were dropped on August 6 (my 18th birthday) and August 9, 1945, and Japan gave up. I came home after my service and became a CPA under the GI education grant.

Irving Yellin
WWII seaman first class,
USS Waller (DD-466)
Washingtonville, New York

SAVED BY MY CANTEEN ON IWO

On February 14, 1945, we landed on Iwo Jima. Upon arrival we were met with heavy mortar and artillery shells. It wasn't long before I was hit in the back of the thigh and said to my buddy, Bob Geer, "I'm hit."

Bob lifted up to look at my injury. Just then we heard more mortar fire. As I looked at Bob, he was choking, and I thought passed out. Unfortunately, he died then, right next to me.

I was hit a second time, with shrapnel in my right hip. Fortunately, I was able to crawl to the boat, which took me to the *APA-207* ship [the attack transport USS *Mifflin*] that originally brought us to Iwo Jima. On the small boat, another wounded soldier asked if anyone had any water. I said, "Yes, I do" and reached for my canteen. It was then I realized my canteen on my right hip was hit by shrapnel—more than likely saving my life. Of course, I no longer had water in it.

Upon reaching the MASH hospital on Saipan [the largest of the Northern Mariana Islands], the doctors evaluated my injuries and told me they could help, but "I may be lopsided." Finally, after about two weeks I was transported to the navy hospital in Hawaii, where I was treated for three months, first having surgery to remove the shrapnel from my hip, which was never completely removed, then having skin grafts to close the open wound.

I had left home at 17 years old a naive young man. I returned a disabled veteran, fortunately able to walk, with many experiences I will never forget. I have been able to share my experiences by giving presentations to junior high school students, to educate them on World War II. One young lady asked me, "How did you go to the bathroom?" The students all have their own ideas.

Sidney Gelman
wartime Seabee coxswain in the South Pacific, Naval Construction Battalion 133
Matthews, North Carolina

AMERICA IN WWII LINGO!

1940s GI and civilian patter

torpedo: a gangster hired to commit a violent act.

hard-boiled: tough, as in "That torpedo was the most hard-boiled guy in the room."

heebie-jeebies: the creeps or jitters, as in "The torpedo seemed pretty hard-boiled until a tiny spider gave him the heebie-jeebies."

Send your War Stories submission, with a relevant photo if possible, to WAR STORIES, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109, or to warstories@americainwwii.com. By sending stories and photos, you give us permission to publish and republish them.

The Finest U.S. Eagle Rings Out There.

by Mike Carroll
Made in USA. 100% Guaranteed.
Sterling silver, 10k, 14k or 18k gold
Pricing from $254 in sterling

www.EagleRings.com
Carroll Collection of US Eagle Rings
Call for Free Brochure
888-512-1333

I WAS THERE

Trucking through Nazi Europe

by Robert Ellis • as told to Garnette Helvey Bane

NATIONAL ARCHIVES. INSET COURTESY OF ROBERT ELLIS

IT WAS 1942. The St. Louis Cardinals beat the New York Yankees in the World Series. Casablanca *premiered, starring Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. Dwight Eisenhower became a five-star general. And Americans worried about their young men going off to war. Robert "Bob" Ellis and his family in Norfolk, Virginia, were among them.*

The thought of another enemy attack like the one on Pearl Harbor troubled many minds. Citizens worried that the enemy would target sites on either coast that were important to the war effort, maybe in California or Virginia. The Norfolk–Virginia Beach region, for instance, was home to army, navy, marine, and coast guard bases and to one of the largest shipbuilding centers in

Above: GIs wade to the beach during the invasion of Normandy in June 1944. Inset: Bob Ellis had figured that by this time he'd be well into his studies to become an electrical engineer. He *was* an engineer, but a US Army engineer, trained to build pontoon bridges.

NEW

"My friends all hate their cell phones… I love mine!" Here's why.

Say good-bye to everything you hate about cell phones. Say hello to Jitterbug.

"Cell phones have gotten so small, I can barely dial mine." Not Jitterbug®, it features a larger keypad for easier dialing. It even has an oversized display so you can actually see it.

"I had to get my son to program it." Your Jitterbug set-up process is simple. We'll even pre-program it with your favorite numbers.

"I tried my sister's cell phone… I couldn't hear it." Jitterbug is designed with an improved speaker. There's an adjustable volume control, and Jitterbug is hearing-aid compatible.

"I don't need stock quotes, Internet sites or games on my phone, I just want to talk with my family and friends." Life is complicated enough… Jitterbug is simple.

"What if I don't remember a number?" Friendly, helpful Jitterbug operators are available 24 hours a day and will even greet you by name when you call.

"I'd like a cell phone to use in an emergency, but I don't want a high monthly bill." Jitterbug has a plan to fit your needs… and your budget.

"My cell phone company wants to lock me in on a two-year contract!" Not Jitterbug, there's no contract to sign and no penalty if you discontinue your service.

Available in Blue, Red (shown) and White.

	Basic 14	Basic 19
Monthly Minutes	50	[illegible]
Monthly Rate	$14.99	$19.99
Operator Assistance	24/7	[illegible]
911 Access	FREE	FREE
Long Distance Calls	No add'l charge	No add'l charge
Voice Dial	FREE	FREE
Nationwide Coverage	YES	YES
Friendly Return Policy	30 days	30 days

More minute plans available. Ask your Jitterbug expert for details.

"I'll be paying for minutes I'll never use!" Not with Jitterbug, unused minutes carry over to the next month, there's no roaming fee and no additional charge for long distance.

"My phone's battery only lasts a couple of days." The Jitterbug's battery lasts for up to 25 days on standby.

Enough talk. Isn't it time you found out more about the cell phone that's changing all the rules? Call now, Jitterbug product experts are standing by.

Order now and receive a **FREE Car Charger** for your Jitterbug – a $24.99 value. Call now!

jitterbug5

firstSTREET

1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

100% U.S. Based Customer Service

NEW Jitterbug5 Cell Phone

Call toll free today to get your own Jitterbug5.

Please mention promotional code 59483.

1-866-428-3145

www.jitterbugdirect.com

We proudly accept the following credit cards.

47618

IMPORTANT CONSUMER INFORMATION: Jitterbug is owned by GreatCall, Inc. Your invoices will come from GreatCall. All rate plans and services require the purchase of a Jitterbug phone and a one-time set up fee of $35. Coverage and service is not available everywhere. Other charges and restrictions may apply. Screen images simulated. There are no additional fees to call Jitterbug's 24-hour U.S. Based Customer Service. However, for calls to an Operator in which a service is completed, minutes will be deducted from your monthly balance equal to the length of the call and any call connected by the Operator, plus an additional 5 minutes. Monthly minutes carry over and are available for 60 days. If you exceed the minute balance on your account, you will be billed at 35¢ for each minute used over the balance. Monthly rate plans do not include government taxes or assessment surcharges. Prices and fees subject to change. We will refund the full price of the GreatCall phone and the activation fee (or set-up fee) if it is returned within 30 days of purchase in like-new condition. We will also refund your first monthly service charge if you have less than 30 minutes of usage. If you have more than 30 minutes of usage, a per minute charge of 35 cents will be deducted from your refund for each minute over 30 minutes. You will be charged a $10 restocking fee. The shipping charges are not refundable. Jitterbug and GreatCall are registered trademarks of GreatCall, Inc. Samsung is a registered trademark of Samsung Electronics Co., Ltd. ©2014 Samsung Telecommunications America, LLC. ©2014 GreatCall, Inc. ©2014 by *first*STREET for Boomers and Beyond, Inc.

432,000 Axis Prisoners-of-War in America!

Camp Hearne was a World War II POW camp ***in Texas!***

Visit and learn how hundreds of small rural towns like Hearne did their part to end the War by holding German POWs in "their own backyards." See a reconstructed barrack displaying an extensive collection of POW memorabilia and artifacts. Walk the grounds where German soldiers once marched and explore the Camp's ruins. Hear about the daily lives of the prisoners and their guards, men charged with honoring the Geneva Conventions to the letter.

Today's Camp Hearne is a truly unique look into our more recent past!

To learn more, visit www.camphearne.com

With World War II
RAGING IN EUROPE,
Victor Blazek & Eliot Ness
DISCOVER
TERRORIST ACTIVITY
CLOSE TO
HOME!
THE WEST TECH TERRORIST
PETER JEDICK
Unlock this extraordinary mystery novel, The West Tech Terrorist, set in Cleveland in 1941 to re-live that exciting era in time.
Available on Kindle and Nook.
Hard copy available on Amazon.

the world. There were rumors that Germany might wipe out the Norfolk and Western Railway, an east-west transport system headquartered in Roanoke.

As a precautionary measure, the larger Virginia cities of Norfolk, Richmond, and Roanoke conducted random air-raid drills at night. Residents were instructed to turn off their lights so in the case of a real attack, enemy planes would have difficulty locating possible targets. Those who could afford radios spent many hours listening to some of the most famous war coverage in broadcasting history.

The Ellis family tuned in to staticky reports on WTAR in an effort to keep up on what was happening in Europe. When the Germans bombed England, listeners could hear the buzz of approaching enemy planes during the newscasts by Edward R. Murrow, CBS's popular and pioneering London-based war correspondent. As the planes grew closer, panic tinged Murrow's voice as he described the bombs dropping

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

I WAS THERE

and the chaos surrounding him.

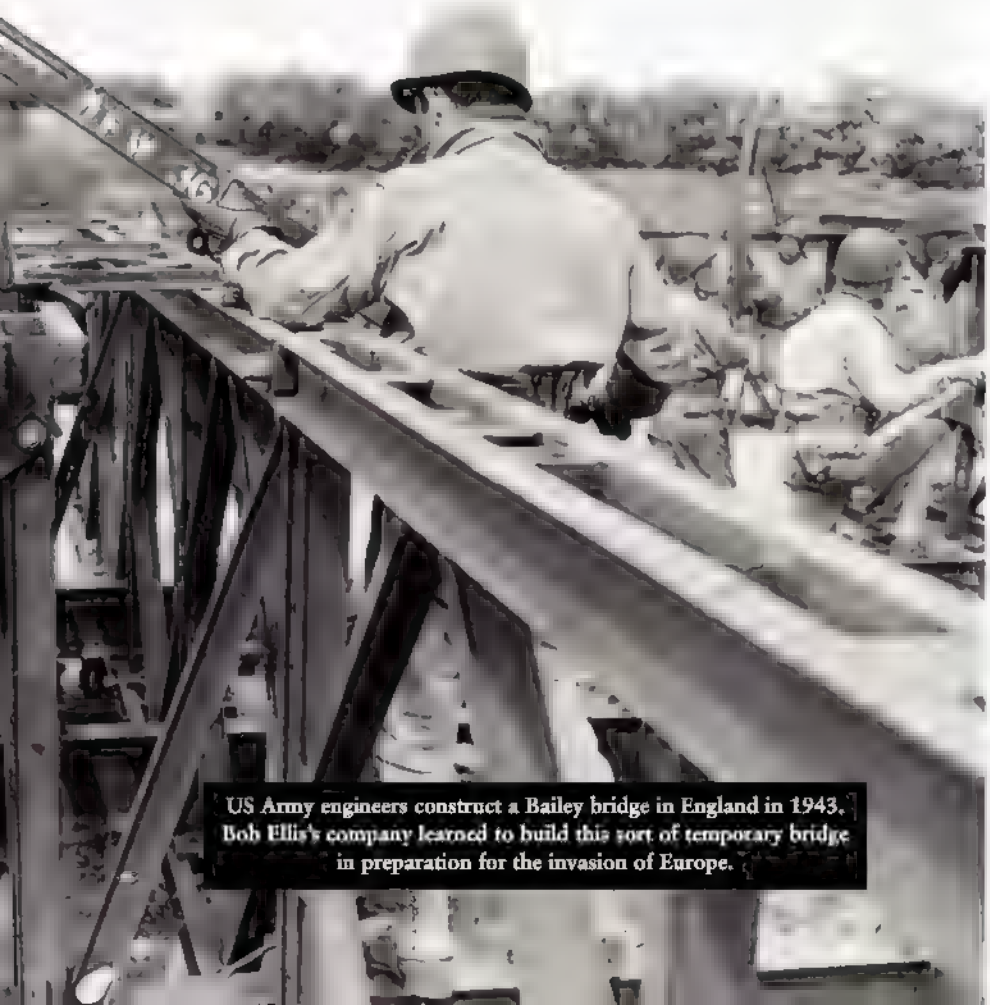
Bob Ellis, a young man at the time who delivered the morning Virginian-Pilot *in Norfolk, kept on top of the news. He read newspaper accounts, watched newsreels in theaters, and tuned to WTAR. He shared news of the action with other young men who hoped to learn of a peace settlement. But it was not to be.*

Ellis was one of thousands of youths whose higher education was put on hold due to the war. Although this graduate of Maury High School had his heart set on becoming an electrical engineer, Uncle Sam had other plans. When Ellis turned 18 on June 8, 1942, he received notice from the Selective Service System that he was a "classified member" of the armed services and that he was to await further instructions regarding his draft status. He then went to work for the Virginia Electric and Power Company until he was called to active duty. On February 1943, he was told to report to Fort Lee in Petersburg, Virginia, on March 16 to be inducted into the army. From there, he went to Camp Gruber in Oklahoma.

The closest town was Muskogee, and as I recall, there were many Native Americans living nearby. It was probably the first time that many of us [draftees] had been away from home. I had never been more than 100 miles from Norfolk, and I suspect many other young men hadn't either.

ELLIS LEARNED TO BUILD pontoon, or ponton, bridges during basic training at Camp Gruber.

They were flat-bottomed and latched together to support a deck and its dynamic loads. Ponton bridges were usually temporary structures used in areas where it was



US Army engineers construct a Bailey bridge in England in 1943. Bob Ellis's company learned to build this sort of temporary bridge in preparation for the invasion of Europe.

THE VETERAN NEXT★DOOR

Stories from World War II Vol. 1

By Randall Baxter

"The number of surviving WWII veterans has slowed to a trickle.. their words and emotions are shared in this touching and informative nonfiction book."

-Blueink Review

"Heroism, horror, sacrifice, and the challenge of returning to civilian life .. a stirring patriotic tribute."

-Kirkus Reviews

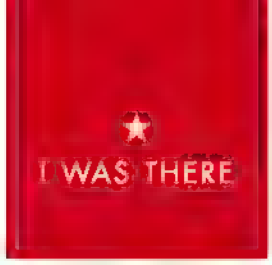
"Randall Baxter never was a soldier.. he's made it his mission to make sure they are not forgotten."

-Kandy Alameda
Foreword Review

Autographed copies available at
www.theveterannextdoor.com
or call (865) 525-2323. Order now!

authorHOUSE

ISBN: 6x9 PB (978-1-4918-0380-6)
6x9 EB (978-1-4918-0378-3)
6x9 HB (978-1-4918-0379-0)
Suggested Retail Price $19.95 - PB
$28.99 HB
$7.99 - EB



necessary to quickly replace ones that had been destroyed. They were useful at river crossings and in many cases were immediately disassembled and used again [elsewhere] once Allied or American troops had crossed. Later, when overseas, we built stronger bridges using steel trusses supported by inflated rubber pontons. We had to work quickly so we could move on to replace other bridges whenever a need arose due to our army's advancing.

While we were in basic, the war had escalated. Germany had taken the offensive and was running all over France. We realized that what we did was desperately needed when Allied forces went on the offensive. After completing basic training in November, we were sent back to Fort Lee to await further orders to move to a port of embarkation.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS Ellis's 509th Engineer Company received orders shortly after Christmas 1943 to relocate to New Jersey to await orders to embark for Europe. By January, the company was crossing the Northern Atlantic to head for Northern Ireland, near Belfast.

It was a bitterly cold winter on the ocean, and I realized the navy ships that were protecting our company from German submarines were not nice places to be. Storms were so severe that waves washed over the smaller navy destroyer escorts. It was the first time I was ever sea sick.

Upon arrival in Ireland, my company immediately practiced building the new [English] bridges with steel, known as the Bailey bridge. Those truss sections were so heavy it took two of us to lift a 10–12 foot section with a wooden reinforced lever.

My best memories while in Ireland were of the early-blooming meadows and peasants sitting on stools cutting peat blocks with saws for household heating. We remained there until April and then moved out of Northern Ireland to a location in Central England, just outside Oxford, where we were to wait for our orders to go into combat.

WHILE WAITING, Ellis and his company kept busy preparing and perfecting the building equipment and procedures they would use at their destination. They also fine-tuned their trucks and mounted machine guns on the cabs.

It was vital that the bridge construction material be transported along with our company so it would be available upon our arrival. We slept in tents, just taking one day at a time. At that point, we had not learned of our destination. We just knew we were headed into combat and were told to waterproof our trucks to allow us to get from the landing ships to the beach [at Normandy].

It was spring in England and raining. It felt good when the sun came out to warm us. Beautiful white swans sailed gracefully

AT THE FRONT
Authentic WWII Combat Equipment & Militaria
Wear your history on the outside.
Show your pride by wearing a piece of history, like an authentic WWII paratrooper jacket or be ready for action in an army regulation 1941 jacket. The same jacket worn by most of the boys who landed on D-Day 1944.
ATF is a leading US manufacturer of high-end historic WWII clothing and combat equipment. Each piece is pain-stakenly recreated down to the smallest detail, from original patterns and unissued items.
Visit us online for our complete collection and start showing off your history today.
WWW.ATTHEFRONT.COM

on the meandering brook that flowed through our camp. We were even allowed to accept invitations from Oxford University faculty for tea!

THE MEN WERE NOT informed of the D-Day invasion plans lest the details fall into enemy hands.

All we were told was that we were going across the English Channel. Therefore, we neither knew when we would arrive, nor what we would find. Two days prior to

COURTESY OF ROBERT ELLIS

Bob Ellis (left), a Virginian, poses with Henry Compton, a Pennsylvanian he met in the 509th Engineer Company.

crossing the English Channel, we boarded ships to enter combat in support of the D-Day invasion that we later learned would take place June 6. My instructions were to drive a truck ashore from the landing craft. We learned earlier that the weather was miserable and sufficiently severe as to postpone the US and Allies' planned attack for one day. When the weather broke, though, General Dwight Eisenhower issued the order to attack along the Normandy coastline, exactly where we were headed.

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN G.I.
Where American Military History Comes Alive!
Preserve ★ Honor ★ Educate

★ WWII Tanks
★ Historic Uniforms
★ Military Vehicles
★ Vietnam PBR
★ WWII Drone

OPEN
FRIDAY - SUNDAY
GROUP TOURS AVAILABLE ON MONDAY BY APPOINTMENT
College Station, Texas
americangimuseum.org

WWW.LANDSER.COM

We carry high quality German Militaria, for Re-enactors, Collectors, Historians and Entertainment Industry for the preservation of history.
Our inventory has been utilized by TV, Movie Studios and Theaters.
All items are reproduction unless stated original.
Dealer inquires welcome.

LANDSER OUTFITTERS
Landser Outfitters, LLC
26741 Portola Parkway, Suite 1E411
Foothill Ranch, CA 92610
877-499-1939
sales@landser.com

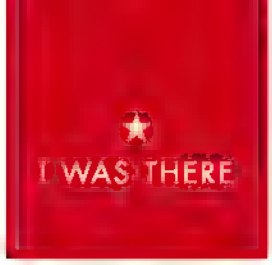
INDIA CHINA

BURMA ROAD BLUES

HOW ONE WOMAN LOST HERSELF IN THE JUNGLES OF BURMA IN 1944

BURMA

Read "Burma Road Blues" by award-winning author Robin Williams for free.
BurmaRoadBlues.tumblr.com



We received orders to move out, organizing a convoy to go through London to the seaport of Southport, where we boarded landing crafts. We traveled in the middle of night, using only our night lights. We couldn't see anything in the dark until a bomb exploded, dropped by German robot bombers—an every night occurrence, sending Britons to their bomb shelters and sending red flames high into the air. Arriving there was quite an experience, and risky at best.

In the meantime, the Americans and other Allies had been putting into action a plan code-named Operation Fortitude South to fool the Germans into thinking the main attack would come at the Pas de Calais to the north. In response to the deception, the Germans erected fortifications along the coast, including lethal jungles of mines and barbed wire and guns aimed toward the sea.

As the deception effort continued, dummy paratroopers were dropped from planes. Dummy tanks and aircraft made of inflatable rubber were placed in realistic-looking camps, complete with camouflage. Artificial harbors were filled with fleets of fake landing craft. To German reconnaissance aircraft, it all looked real. Allied double agents planted stories and documents with German spies, and fake radio transmissions were broadcast. General George Patton was chosen commander of the non-existent invasion force, the First US Army Group, and meanwhile trained his real Third Army for the real invasion.

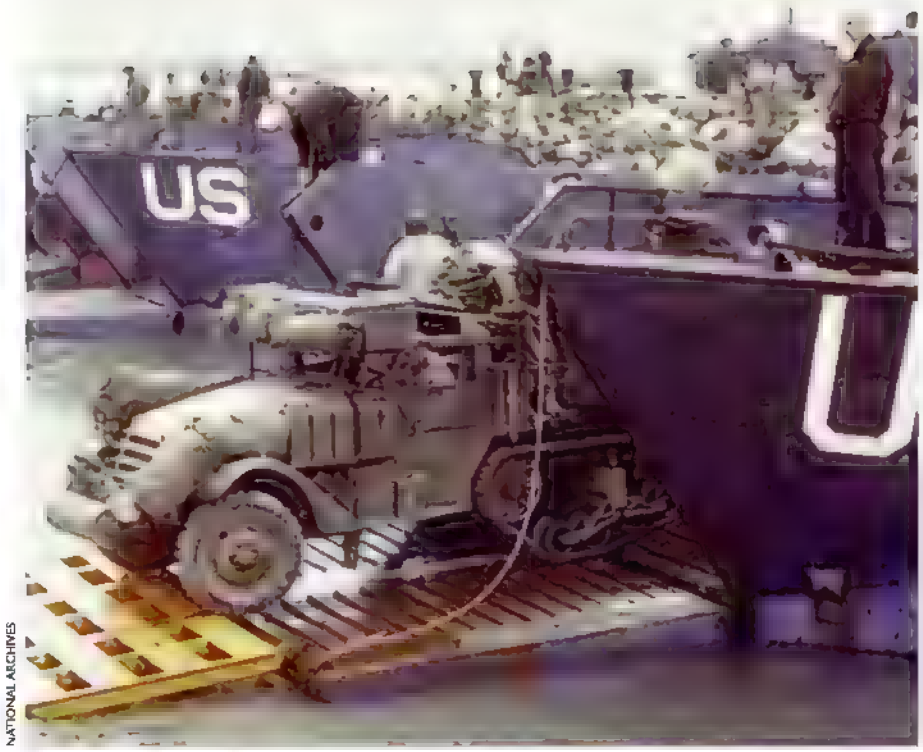
It was probably a big surprise to [Adolf] Hitler and [Field Marshal Erwin] Rommel when the Allies attacked at Normandy rather than where the Germans expected. This turning point [the beginning of the real invasion] was very painful, causing me to separate from my close friend and buddy, Henry Brewbaker. We had gone to school together from the fifth grade.

The air and sea bombardment began in the early morning on June 6, just as day was breaking and continued along Normandy's Utah, Omaha, Gold, Juno, and Sword landing beaches. Americans were destined for Utah and Omaha, while other Allies were to land at Gold, Juno, and Sword. Intense fighting lasted for about 90 minutes as the Germans shot downward from the cliffs high above. During the first minutes of the invasion, casualties were high, reaching close to 10,000. Bedford, Virginia, a couple hundred miles west of Norfolk, lost 19 men killed during the first hour and a half of battle, the highest per-capita loss of any American town in that time.

We had heard about some of the efforts underway, but weren't told everything. Once I was on the landing ship and knew I would face the German military, I was scared. We crossed the 30 mile-wide English Channel on the ships in the dark,

arriving at Normandy about 4 or 5 A.M. [on June 11] five days after D Day and three days after my 20th birthday. The United States had enough landing craft to take the entire company ashore. We waited until the tide was right and then, when the bow of the navy landing craft opened at dawn, I drove my small truck into four feet of water and headed over the sands of Utah Beach. The only signs of battle were the remains of damaged enemy war machinery and enemy bodies not yet collected for temporary interment. I was the number one driver. My assistant driver was prepared to use the gun on our cab, and our only weapon was a light machine gun. Neither of us knew our arrival was just in time to give hope and support to the brave men of the 82nd and 101st Airborne [Divisions] who had landed behind enemy lines on D Day.

Once on the beach, we drove in a serpentine fashion, weaving back and forth to keep from driving over the German bodies that lay scattered on the ground. All the American casualties had been removed, but after D Day, the Germans had no way to



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

GIs load an LCT (landing craft, tank) in England before D-Day. Once on the Continent, trucks like this and the one Bob Ellis drove would be used to transport Allied supplies.

ALL OF THE GUTS, GLORY & VALOR... IN MINIATURE!

★ Metal Toy Soldiers
★ Plastic Toy Soldiers
★ 12" Action Figures
★ Wargaming
★ Model Kits
★ Paints & Supplies
★ Diorama & Scenic Materials
★ Military Books & Publications

HOBBY BUNKER INC.

www.hobbybunker.com

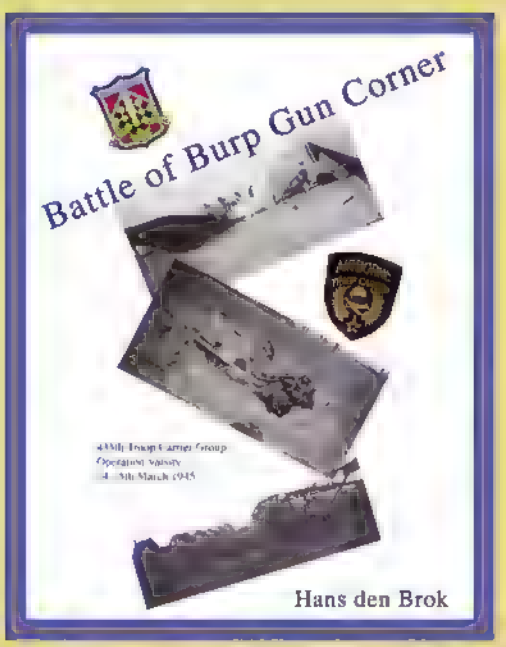
Tel: 1-781-321-8855
Email: matt@hobbybunker.com

Hobby Bunker Inc. • 33 Exchange St.
Malden, MA 02148

USS SLATER
Albany, New York
Tour the only restored WWII Destroyer Escort afloat in America.

THE WRIGHT MUSEUM OF WORLD WAR II
Experience the past and be inspired by a nation united.
"A Unique Family Experience"
www.WrightMuseum.org
Wolfeboro, New Hampshire 03894
603-569-1212 ★ Open May1–Oct.31

Your Ship, Your Plane
When you served on her.
Free Personalization!
www.totalnavy.com
718-471-5464



Hardcover • Over 150 Unpublished Photos
$35 Postpaid
WALKA BOOKS
2713 Royal Street
New Orleans, LA 70117
walka.books@gmail.com

WWII Airborne Action!
BATTLE OF BURP GUN CORNER
BY HANS DEN BROK
MARCH 23, 1945:
Allied Airborne leaps across Hitler's holy Rhine.
288 American glider pilots deliver their loads, and as a provisional infantry company, take a defensive position at a crossroad . . .
soon to be called
"BURP GUN CORNER"

remove their troops' bodies. We didn't want to hit them regardless of the fact they had been the enemy. We still respected the dead.

As we landed, I looked toward the sand dunes from my position on the beach. I saw a US jeep with a soldier standing on the passenger side of the jeep, holding onto the windshield. I noticed the man had on a helmet with stars, so I knew he had to be a high-ranking officer. I could see his pistol with a pearl handle in his holster. He was stern-faced and moving his head side-to-side. I got so close I could almost read his lips, but not close enough to hear what he was saying. I recognized him as Old Blood and Guts, General George Patton! My buddy and I couldn't believe that we were seeing Patton. We all knew the role he had played in [the successful 1942 invasion of] North Africa, and we respected him for it. He was given a job to do and he took it seriously, a lot on his own initiative.

The Third Army commander was highly regarded by German military leadership, as well. He had deceived the Germans into thinking he was leading an American landing at the port of Calais. The plan was so successful that it diverted thousands of German soldiers from deploying against the Allies landing in Normandy and making it possible for him to march on to Berlin.

Shortly, we were sent to a holding area in an apple orchard to await the Allies' breakout from Normandy. From there, my company followed in Patton's tracks through France to the German border, supplying his company with fuel when he ran short between Paris and the Saar Valley, bringing us to a stop with our kitchen miles behind us. We were thankful to French farmers who gave us potatoes and other home-grown vegetables. As we crossed France, my company and I took the spare five-gallon gas cans from the truck, cross-splitting them to create stoves on which to cook.

We finally reached Saarbrücken. The infantry cleaned out the WWI concrete fortifications for us to hold. This had become international territory after many years of dispute over the border of France and Germany. Then the Germans launched a separate counterattack from Germany into Belgium's Ardennes Forest area [the December 1944–January 1945 Battle of the Bulge].

This required Patton's army to be diverted to Belgium to attempt to cut them off. This depleted my 509th Engineer Company.

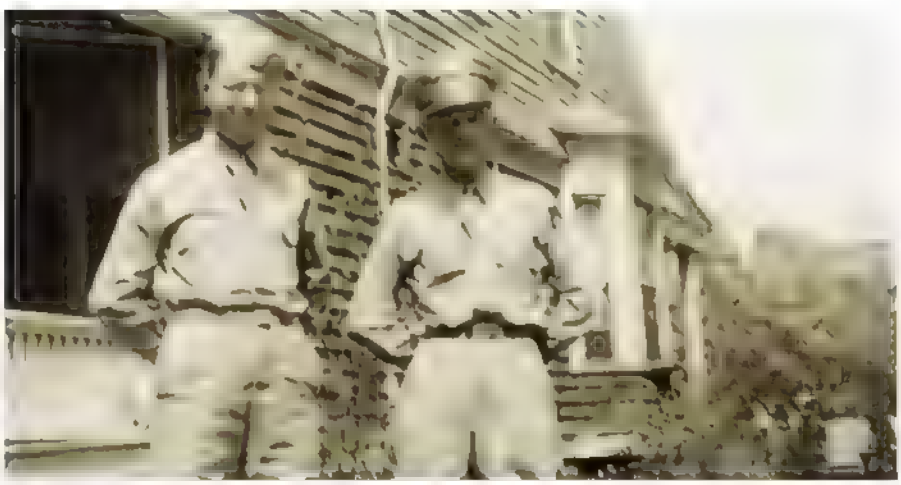
Americans had to convert their equipment to meet in Bastogne. Patton, meanwhile, had diverted his attention to the [German] breakthrough, taking people from his company. We carried a Browning Automatic Rifle and bullet slings weighing about 22 pounds, along with a backpack and GI rations.

I spent the winter in Belgium, still the coldest winter in its history. They furnished us two blankets and a GI raincoat, which we used as a bedroll to sleep on. There were two feet of snow, and the temperature was below zero. My platoon suffered only a few casualties in hand-to-hand combat while cleaning out villages of German soldiers who were still holed up. We took them as prisoners.

The Germans surrendered in mid May [May 8]. I was immediately reassigned to duty as a truck driver for a service company. In less than two weeks, I was on my way to Le Havre [France] to board a troop ship back to the USA. We landed in Newport News, Virginia, on my 21st birthday. We had good news and bad news at the same time. We were to go home for a 30-day furlough, but had to report to camp in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, as possible replacements in the Pacific theater. What a glorious day that was when word came that the Japanese had surrendered following the impact of the atomic bomb finding its mark in Hiroshima!

I was told to go home for another furlough and to await orders to go to a discharge center at Fort Smith, Arkansas. I was discharged in November 1945 and hitchhiked to Atlanta, bought a used '37 Plymouth, and drove home before Thanksgiving

FOLLOWING HIS DISCHARGE, Ellis attended the Georgia Institute of Technology on the GI Bill and received a degree in electrical engineering. One day while visiting his sister in a hospital in Norfolk, he noticed a brunette, a nurse's aide in a crisp cap and uniform. He asked his sister if she thought the aide would go out with him, and she said yes. He then wrote the aide a letter asking for a date. Ellis and the aide, Helen Tally, hit it off and later got married, on July 13, 1946. They had eight children and now reside at Rolling Green Village, a retirement community in Greenville, South Carolina. ★



COURTESY OF ROBERT ELLIS

Ellis (left) knew Henry Brewbaker (right) since grade school, and they ended up in the same company. Ellis was devastated when they got separated at the start of the Normandy invasion.

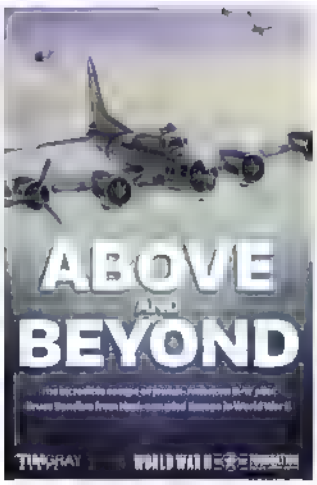
GARNETTE HELVEY BANE *is an award winning journalist who was a child in Roanoke, Virginia, during World War II. She recalls many air-raid drills and sitting with her family to listen to war news on WDBJ radio, a station she later worked for. She interviewed Bob Ellis for this article in August 2014*

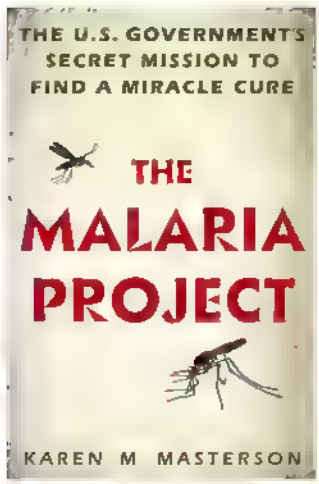
United States Postal Service Form 3526
STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, and CIRCULATION

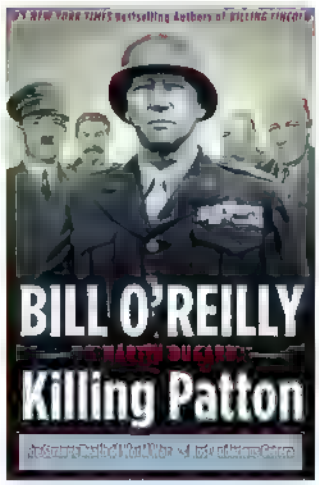
1. Publication Title: America in WWII. 2. Publication Number: 1554-5296. 3. Filing Date: 10/1/14. 4. Issue Frequency: Bimonthly. 5. Number of Issues Published Annually: Six. 6. Annual Subscription Price: $29.95. 7. Complete Mailing Address of Known Office of Publication: 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125. Contact Person: Heidi Kushlan. Telephone: 717-564-0161. 8. Complete Mailing Address of Headquarters or General Business Office of Publisher: 310 Publishing, LLC, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125. 9. Full Names and Complete Mailing Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher, James P. Kushlan, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125; Editor, Carl Zebrowski, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125. Managing Editor, none. 10. Owner: 310 Publishing, LLC, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125; Heidi T. & James P. Kushlan, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125; Kathryn & Richard Szarko, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125; Christine & Paul Smith, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125; Concetta R. Futchko, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125. Paul & Donna Miller, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125; Beverly Fowler-Conner, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17109-3125. 11. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities: Metro Bank, 3801 Paxton Street, Harrisburg, Dauphin County, PA 17111. 13. Publication Title: America in WWII. 14. Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: 9/01/2014. 15. Extent and Nature of Circulation: a. Total Number of Copies (Net press run): Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 22,233; Nearest Single Issue, 21,000. Total Number of Paid Electronic Copies: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 2,829; Nearest Single Issue, 1,964. b. Paid Circulation (By Mail and Outside the Mail): (1) Mailed Outside-County Paid Subscriptions Stated on PS Form 3541. (Includes paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies): Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 10,029; Nearest Single Issue, 9,863. (3) Paid Distribution Outside the Mails Including Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales and Other Paid Distribution Outside USPS: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 4,908; Nearest Single Issue, 4,221. (4) Paid Distribution by Other Classes of Mail Through the USPS (e.g. First-Class Mail): Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 125; Nearest Single Issue, 93. c. Total Paid Distribution (Includes print and electronic): Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 17,891; Nearest Single Issue, 16,141. d. Free or Nominal Rate Distribution (By Mail and Outside the Mail): (1) Free or Nominal Rate Outside-County Copies included on PS Form 3541: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 44; Nearest Single Issue, 40. (3) Free or Nominal Rate Copies Mailed at Other Classes Through the USPS (e.g. First-Class Mail): Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 56; Nearest Single Issue, 56. (4) Free or Nominal Rate Distribution Outside the Mail (Carriers or other means): Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 718; Nearest Single Issue, 685. e. Total Free or Nominal Rate Distribution: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 818; Nearest Single Issue, 781. f. Total Distribution: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 18,709; Nearest Single Issue, 16,922. g. Copies Not Distributed: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 6,353; Nearest Single Issue, 6,042. h. Total: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 22,233; Nearest Single Issue, 21,000. i. Percent Paid: Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months, 95.6%; Nearest Single Issue, 95.4%. 16. Publication of Statement of Ownership: Will be printed in the 1/1/2015 issue of this publication. 17. I certify that all information on this form is true and complete. Signature and Title of Editor, Publisher, Business Manager, or Owner:

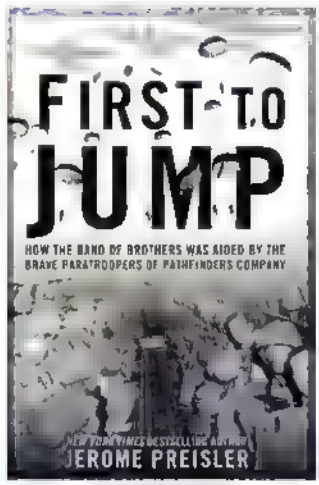
Heidi Kushlan (signed), CEO, 10/1/2014.

BOOKS AND MEDIA









Above and Beyond: The Incredible Escape of Jewish-American B-17 Pilot Bruce Sundlun from Nazi-Occupied Europe in World War II

written, directed, and produced by Tim Gray, World War II Foundation, 55 minutes, DVD, $19.99

Above and Beyond is Tim Gray's record of pilot Bruce Sundlun's B-17 exploits in Europe in 1943 and 1944. The 55-minute DVD relies primarily on oral history and video clips and is supplemented with stock footage from period documentaries such as *Memphis Belle*. The film will likely not change your understanding of the war, but it is a notable portrait of a resilient, indefatigable man.

Bruce Sundlun, a Jewish American who would one day serve as an advisor to US presidents and to the governor of Rhode Island, was the pilot of the B 17 *Damn Yankee*. He served with a strong, varied crew on a 25 mission tour of duty. Just past the tour's halfway mark, on the 13th mission, on December 1, 1943, the crew's luck ran out over a steel factory in the German Ruhr Valley. The plane had just dropped its bombs when flak disabled one engine, and it fell behind the bombing formation. It wasn't long before German Bf 109s discovered the straggler and attacked. During the ensuing 30-minute battle, *Damn Yankee* lost a second engine, and altitude, rapidly dropping from 27,000 to 1,000 feet and continuing to descend. Sundlun ordered his men to bail out and then followed them. Only five men, half the crew, made it out of the plane before it went down in Belgium. The others died during the dogfight or in the crash. Familiar period footage, many photographs of the crash site, and recollections from German forces accompany Sundlun's account of the event

Of the five survivors, all except Sundlun were soon captured by the German occupation forces, who easily found the crash site. Sundlun evaded the Germans with an extremely ingenious tactic. Inspired by Edgar Allen Poe's "The Purloined Letter," he lay down flat in the middle of a farmer's field and went unseen. By the end of the day, he had connected with Belgian sympathizers. Then he slowly made his way toward Spain in a long series of nighttime bike rides, during which he became an expert bicycle thief (he found bakery patrons especially easy prey). Eventually he reached occupied Paris, where he remained for a month and waited for an opportunity to cross the border into Spain.

Sundlun had to abandon his trek before reaching his destination when he found the snow-covered mountain routes impassable. He headed back and fought with the French Resistance. Under the code name Salamander, he ran his own 35 man team against German logistics and transport. After several months, he was ordered to leave secretly and head for neutral Switzerland. He arrived there in May 1944, some six months after being shot down.

For thousands of other Allied airmen who made it to Switzerland, the war ended when they crossed the border. Things were different for Sundlun. His new fluency in French and his knowledge of the underground life in Europe made him valuable, and he was soon recruited by Allen Dulles's Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and sent back to France as a liaison. After that he was dispatched to the Far East to fly additional missions. Sadly, the film never reveals the outcome of this last tour of duty.

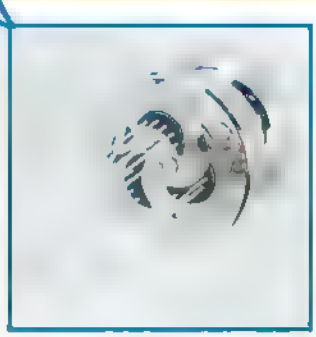
The production values of the DVD are simple yet professional. Included are clips of interviews with Sundlun, stock footage, new images, and some reenactments. An entirely separate story within the docu-

Introducing ***The new and revolutionary***
Jacuzzi® Hydrotherapy Shower.

AGING = PAIN

For many, arthritis and spinal disc degeneration are the most common source of pain, along with hips, knees shoulders and the neck. In designing the Jacuzzi Hydrotherapy shower, we worked with expert physicians to maximize its pain relieving therapy by utilizing the correct level of water pressure to provide gentle yet effective hydrotherapy.

JACUZZI® SHOWER = RELIEF



Four Jacuzzi® ShowerPro™ Jets focus on the neck, back, hips and knees and may help ease the pain and discomfort of:

- Arthritis
- Circulation Issues
- Aches and pains
- Neuropathy
- Sciatica
- Inflammation

The Jacuzzi® Hydrotherapy Shower provides a lifetime of comfort and relief... safely and affordably.

As we age, the occasional aches and pains of everyday life become less and less occasional. Most of us are bothered by sore muscles, creaky joints and general fatigue as we go through the day- and it's made worse by everything from exertion and stress to arthritis and a number of other ailments. Sure, there are pills and creams that claim to provide comfort, but there is only one 100% natural way to feel better... hydrotherapy. Now, the world leader in hydrotherapy has invented the only shower that features Jacuzzi® Jets. It's called the Jacuzzi® Hydrotherapy Shower, and it can truly change your life.

For over 50 years, the Jacuzzi® Design Engineers have worked to bring the powerful benefits of soothing hydrotherapy into millions of homes. Now, they've created a system that can fit in the space of your existing bathtub or shower and give you a lifetime of enjoyment, comfort and pain relief. They've thought of everything. From the high-gloss acrylic surface, slip-resistant flooring, a hand-held shower wand to a comfortable and adjustable seat, to strategically-placed grab bars and lots of storage, this shower has it all.

Why wait to experience the Jacuzzi® Hydrotherapy Shower? Call now... it's the first step in getting relief from those aches and pains.

Call toll free now and find out how you can receive your FREE special report

Mention promotional code 59605

1-844-743-7519

Jacuzzi.

© 2014 by Aging In The Home Remodelers

82003

mentary covers Sundlun's daughter retracing his steps in Belgium and interviewing people who had known him or had helped him. Of particular interest is one local archivist-collector who retrieved hundreds of parts from the *Damn Yankee*, ranging from Plexiglas and propellers to belt buckles, coins, and ammunition.

There seem to have been many missed opportunities to expand *Above and Beyond*. Four of Sundlun's crew survived the crash of *Damn Yankee*, but accounts of their prisoner-of-war experiences or of their return are not included. Little information of Sundlun's missions as Salamander or with the OSS appears, and more on both would have been welcome. Most surprisingly, none of his 12 completed missions is described at all. The trials and joys of returning to the United States in early 1946 are also absent. As a result of these omissions, I often found myself wishing for further detail.

During the last 30 years we have enjoyed a generous supply of videotaped oral histories of planes and units (I still have many of the VHS tapes!), but another is always welcome. Sundlun had an unusually varied, interesting experience from the air war over the Ruhr to the French Resistance to the OSS. Gray's film is an all too brief summary of Sundlun's wartime career, interesting in itself even as it frequently left me wanting more.

THOMAS MULLEN
Flemington, New Jersey

The Malaria Project: The U.S. Government's Secret Mission to Find a Miracle Cure

by Karen M. Masterson, NAL, 384 pages, $26.95

MALARIA IS AN absolutely debilitating disease for which there is still no vaccine. It occurs most often in tropical and subtropical climates with long periods of warm, soggy weather, where mosquitoes of the genus *anopheles*, the type that transmits malaria to humans, thrive. Much of World War II was fought in places like this, and the disease brought the United States far closer to defeat than most people realize. All told, nearly half a million US soldiers, sailors, and marines contracted the disease. Many were sent back to the front after their fevers had broken, only to relapse again and again. In *The Malaria Project*, author Karen Masterson reveals just how damaging malaria proved to be to the war effort and how the United States ultimately developed an effective response.

The first large-scale successful approach to controlling malaria was put into action during the construction of the Panama Canal from 1904 to 1914. Samuel Darling, one of the key scientists on that project, identified the type of mosquitoes that transmitted malaria, where they bred, and how far they flew. Those discoveries led to better methods of suppressing mosquito populations and to the use of fine-mesh screens to keep the tiny insects out of shelters, mess halls, and hospitals. Together these tactics reduced infection

Spend the day in 1944 aboard the
World War II Liberty Ship JOHN W. BROWN

The six-hour day cruise on the Chesapeake Bay features: lunch, music of the 1940s, period entertainment and flybys of wartime aircraft (conditions permitting). Tour the engine room, museums, bridge and more.

2015 Cruises
May 9 & June 13

Tickets are $140 each Group rates available
Gift Certificates available
Order your tickets online
at www.ssjohnwbrown.org

For information call: 410-558-0164
Last day to order tickets is 14 days before the cruise.
Conditions and penalties apply to cancellations
Project Liberty Ship is a Baltimore based, all volunteer, nonprofit organization

CFC #62656

rates almost to zero. Those same techniques were used during World War II, even as a massive wartime project employed the United States' brightest scientists to search for a vaccine and a cure.

The career of one of the nation's premier experts on tropical diseases, Lowell Coggeshall, serves as a loose framework for *The Malaria Project*. Coggeshall started working on the malaria problem as part of a Rockefeller Foundation team led by Samuel Darling in Georgia during the summer of 1924. He continued working to find ways to stop malaria until 1946. This book is not a biography of Lowell Coggeshall, but his experiences provide a useful touchstone as the book progresses and the number of key researchers increases.

The most eye-opening sections of the book are the chapters covering early WWII battles in the Pacific and North Africa. During the fall of 1943, for every patient admitted to the hospital with battle wounds, 10 were admitted with malaria. Repeated trials—often ethically questionable tests on patients with syphilis, due to the roughly 20 percent chance that the high fevers of a malaria infection can cure syphilis, and on volunteers from high-security prisons—demonstrated that there was no way to vaccinate soldiers. Instead, the US military made do with the exceptionally unpleasant medicine atabrine. Originally a German drug produced in the United States prior to the war, atabrine was more effective in smaller doses than quinine, which has been used for 200 years. But men didn't like to take it because it turned their skin yellow while they were on it.

The turning point came when Coggeshall and his colleagues convinced the armed forces to commit to spraying for mosquitoes, filling or draining ditches that held stagnant water, applying mosquito repellant and keeping skin covered, and screening in barracks. With all of those measures *and* a steady diet of propaganda that persuaded soldiers to take precautions to avoid mosquito bites or take their atabrine if infected, malaria rates dropped significantly, and US armed forces became substantially more effective

Although atabrine helped maintain American troop strength during the war, American scientists looked for something better, something men would be more likely to take. They succeeded with a drug called chloroquine, and Masterson does a wonderful job of revealing the story of chloroquine's development from its origin in Germany to its rediscovery in the United States through samples captured in North Africa. Due to its postwar use in conflict-ravaged countries, chloroquine is widely credited with saving more lives than any other drug in history.

The Malaria Project is a history of malaria research, where World War II is both the major challenge and the major impetus for breakthroughs. The story covers complex topics such as immunology, chemistry, virology, biology, and public health, but the book never bogs down or becomes dry. Masterson has the skill to be both clear and engaging when writing about a complex topic. She keeps the focus on the people involved as they pioneered new research methods, treatments, drugs, and

European WWII Battlefield Expeditions
Enjoy "behind the scenes" access to relics and remnants
Stay in the heart of Normandy, Eindhoven and Bastogne
Walk in their footsteps to foxholes in the Ardennes
Ride to the battlefields in vintage WWII vehicles
Led by US Veterans
Our historians know their stuff, but they're not stuffy!
"Being greeted by Charles at Brecourt - unforgettable! ...been on other WWII tours... they just don't compare."
~Bill Jackson, Eulogist at Major Dick Winters' Memorial Service
SPECIALTY TOURS
TOLL FREE (866) 563-0888 • INFO@SPEC-TOURS.COM • WWW.SPEC-TOURS.COM

mosquito control tactics, while dealing with questionable ethical decisions regarding test subjects and military commanders reluctant to address malaria until it was nearly too late.

DREW AMES
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Killing Patton: The Strange Death of World War II's Most Audacious General
by Bill O'Reilly and Martin Dugard, Henry Holt, 352 pages, $30

In *Killing Patton*, authors Bill O'Reilly and Martin Dugard build a startling argument about the cause of his death.

Feeling restless, Patton had decided to spend his last day in Germany hunting pheasants in the fields a hundred miles to the south, so his driver set off early that morning with Patton sitting in the back seat of the Cadillac along with his longtime chief of staff, Lieutenant General Hobart "Hap" Gay. They were on the road about three hours when, just after 11:45 A.M., an approaching 2.5 ton US Army truck suddenly crossed the median and plowed into the right side of the car. As Patton's driver slammed on the brakes, the truck driver, Technical Sergeant Robert L. Thompson, accelerated. Patton was sitting on the right side in his car, and the force of the impact slammed him forward into the steel barrier that divided the driver's compartment and the backseat. His nose was broken and he was paralyzed. Gay and Patton's driver were unhurt.

It turned out that Thompson was drunk at the time, but he wasn't arrested. O'Reilly and Dugard write that soon after the crash,

★ THEATER OF WAR

Patton

Directed by Franklin Schaffner, written by Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund H. North, starring George C. Scott, Karl Malden, Stephen Young, Michael Strong, Michael Bates, 1970, 169 minutes, color, rated PG

"NOW I WANT YOU to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for *his* country." So says General George S. Patton (George C. Scott) in the speech that opens this film biography. The scene has become a bit of classic cinema, yet screenwriter Francis Ford Coppola says it got him fired when he first tackled the story of the controversial general in the 1960s. Studio heads thought the opening sequence was too strange, so they dumped Coppola and later put the whole project on hold. Years afterward the screenplay earned Coppola an Academy Award.

The big speech remains a bit of an aberration in what is otherwise a more straightforward approach to the story of Patton in World War II. The movie picks up the story in 1943 North Africa, where American forces have suffered an embarrassing defeat at the Kasserine Pass. Patton arrives to straighten things out with his strict, no nonsense approach. It's not long before the volatile general is standing in the middle of the street, firing his ivory-handled revolver at strafing German planes.

Love him or hate him, Patton's approach works, and his forces defeat Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's Germans at El Guettar. In Sicily he spurs his men to even greater efforts in a successful, and personal, bid to beat Britain's General Bernard Law Montgomery (Michael Bates) to the strategic town of Messina, whether or not this dovetails with his orders.

Patton's career stumbles when he slaps a shell-shocked soldier in a field hospital and the incident goes public. General Dwight Eisenhower (who never appears onscreen) sidelines him for the Normandy invasion and promotes one-time subordinate Omar Bradley (Karl Malden) over him. But Patton comes roaring back as commander of the Third Army, storming across Europe and coming to the relief of the American forces bottled up at Bastogne.

Once the shooting stops, he finds he is ill prepared for a postwar world. As a German adversary assigned to study him had come to realize, Patton was both a "pure warrior" and "a magnificent anachronism."

It's a challenging role, but Scott rises to the occasion, becoming more Patton than perhaps even Patton himself. His general is a poet and a warrior, explosive and contrite, profane and religious. The latter qualities are perfectly captured in a scene where a chaplain asks Patton whether he reads the Bible. "Indeed I do," Patton replies, "every goddamn day." While the portrayal avoids some of Patton's less admirable qualities, such as his unabashed anti-Semitism, it does

he vanished without a trace, as did the official accident report. Twelve days later Patton died of what official military reports say was a pulmonary embolism.

That's what the official records tell us. O'Reilly and Dugard make the case that the official cause of the death given for World War II's most audacious and controversial general is wrong. Recent research raises speculation about a far different possibility—assassination—and the authors flesh out this research. The result is a fast read that relates the last months of Patton's life, establishing why he might have been considered a threat and therefore a target.

Patton was a wildcard. Widely considered one of the most effective field commanders in any war, he proved unpredictable and a political liability off the battlefield. In perhaps his most famous instances of pique, on two separate occasions in 1943, he accused soldiers of shirking duty and slapped them after finding them in Italian field hospitals filled with battle casualties, suffering from what is now called post traumatic stress disorder. The incidents cost Patton a prime command on D-Day.

But Patton fought. When his superior, General Omar Bradley, and British General Bernard Law Montgomery cautiously hung back during the Battle of the Bulge in December 1944, for example, Patton and his reduced Third Army pushed through to relieve the 101st Airborne Division, which was holding Bastogne, surrounded by Germans. General Dwight Eisenhower, the supreme commander of Allied forces in Europe, joked to Patton, "Every time I get promoted, I get attacked. Patton responded, not without basis, "And every time you get attacked, I bail you out."

Patton didn't trust communists and was openly critical of them in general and of Josef Stalin in particular. This, O'Reilly and Dugard speculate, was Patton's ultimate downfall, and they relate the "astounding assertion" that Jedburgh Douglas Bazata, former operative of the Office of Strategic Services (forerunner of the CIA), made in 1979. Bazata said he had been hired by OSS director Wild Bill Donovan, who was seeking to make ties with Soviet operatives, to assassinate Patton. Bazata claimed that at the scene of the December 9, 1945, auto crash, just after impact, he shot a "low-velocity projectile into the back of Patton's neck in order to snap it." When Patton didn't immediately die, Bazata said, he was poisoned in the hospital by Russian operatives.

O'Reilly and Dugard are not the first to speculate that Patton's death wasn't an accident, but they may be the best at presenting the evidence. Their book is well written and packed with material that would satisfy military enthusiasts as well as readers of social history. Yet the lack of endnotes is troublesome. The authors have filled their book with casualty statistics, graphic details of horrific war crimes, and many, many quotes of conversation. While that information adds substance to their argument, the failure to cite sources is a significant shortcoming. It's a shame. It's a good book.

ALLYSON PATTON
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

show how the outspoken general could be his own worst enemy.

It's a tremendous role, and Scott sinks his teeth into it. In fact, he won the Academy Award for his performance (though he refused to accept it because he thought the Oscars were a sham). Malden provides solid support as Bradley, the soldiers' general who subtly reproaches Patton when Patton gets out of line. (The real Bradley served as the movie's consultant, which might explain why his cinematic version appears blemish-free.)

The movie does take some liberties with history. The rivalry between Patton and Montgomery during the Sicily campaign, for example, was not quite so pointed or personal as it is here.

The battle scenes are done well, with Spain standing in for Northern Africa, France, and Germany and the Spanish army providing enough equipment and soldiers to flesh out some epic combat scenes. The equipment may not always be historically accurate, but it's refreshing to see real tanks and men rather than computer-generated simulations.

—TOM HUNTINGTON
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

First to Jump: How the Band of Brothers Was Aided by the Brave Paratroopers of Pathfinders Company

by Jerome Preisler, Berkley, 288 pages, $26.95

THE STUDY OF airborne operations is often the study of the struggle to bring order out of chaos. In *First to Jump*, prolific author Jerome Preisler writes about a unit whose creation was rooted in the desire to control the chaos of airborne operations. He examines the role of the elite within the elite: the Airborne Pathfinders of the US Army.

The success of the German Fallschirmjäger ("Parachute Hunter") units early in the war—particularly glider operations against the Dutch and a stunning victory over Belgian forces at the seemingly impregnable Fort Eben Emael in May 1940—sent notice to the United States about the usefulness of airborne troops. As an added incentive to develop airborne potential, the United States lagged behind the Soviet Union, Great Britain, Japan, and France, who were already employing units.

The deployment of troops into enemy territory by parachute or glider allowed for more flexible and creative operations planning, and defending against paratroopers often proved challenging. However, as shown by Operation Mercury—the high-casualty German airborne assault on Crete that began on May 20, 1941, and almost failed—airborne operations were difficult and costly.

The United States began by organizing a small test force of paratroopers in 1940. Two conventional infantry divisions, the 82nd and 101st, were designated as the first airborne divisions in the army while they were stationed at Camp Claiborne near Alexandria, Louisiana. The first combat operation for US airborne troops came in November 1942 during the Operation Torch invasion of North Africa, with elements of the 509th Parachute Infantry Regiment jumping in to support the landings and the fight that followed. There were also jumps into Tunisia.

The first *large-scale* jumps came during Operation Husky, the July 1943 invasion of Sicily. One problem all these actions had in common was that troopers landed well

away from their assigned drop zones. Sicily proved especially costly because some men ended up in the Mediterranean, while others attracted friendly fire because their aircraft were mistaken for German or Italian planes. It became evident that something more was needed, something that would help make drops more precise, something that would bring more order to the chaos

This is the point where Preisler begins his book. Preisler puts the start of the Pathfinder program with General James Gavin and Lieutenant Colonel Joel Crouch of the IX Troop Carrier Command (while members of the 509th maintain that they were the first to organize an advance scout platoon of troops to airdrop into targeted areas to provide guidance for coming troop transport aircraft). Gavin's experience with drop zone problems in Italy and North Africa convinced him of the need for a specialized school for an elite group of paratroopers: the Pathfinders. The Pathfinders would be the first to jump into enemy territory and would be tasked with the very difficult job of finding and marking the drop zones for later parachute assaults. Small, highly trained teams would jump and employ a mix of beacons, lamps, and other markers

The results in combat were decidedly mixed. Preisler tells the story of the Pathfinders' largest operation of the war, the landings at Normandy on June 6, 1944. He also goes beyond the usual range of the limited Pathfinders literature when he discusses the airborne operations during Operation Market Garden, the drops of September 17–25, 1944, in the Netherlands and Germany that did not end well for the British airborne. He also covers the efforts of a very small number of Pathfinders during the December 1944 Battle of the Bulge who guided Allied aircraft during resupply efforts to support the besieged forces of the 101st "Screaming Eagles" Airborne Division in Bastogne, Belgium.

Preisler draws from official records, interviews, newspaper accounts, and books in putting together this non academic history of the Pathfinders that follows paratroopers, pilots, and others through their various operations. The narrative is one of personal experiences, especially from paratroopers who participated in the Normandy drops. Frank Lillyman, Jack McNeice, Maynard Beamesderfer, and the other Pathfinders of World War II proved once and for all the value of airborne troops in combat.

MICHAEL EDWARDS
New Orleans, Louisiana

★ 78 RPM

An Unclaimed Valentine

Richard Rodgers (left) and Lorenz Hart

LORENZ HART was not attractive. At least that's what *he* thought as he looked into the mirror at a man who didn't quite measure five feet from the tips of his toes to the tip of his receding hairline. He was said never to have had a girlfriend (or boyfriend). When a writer for the magazine *Popular Song* interviewed him during the thick of his successful songwriting career and asked whether he was a bachelor, he replied, "Of course. No one would want me."

It's a sad irony that a man convinced he had no hope of romance penned the lyrics for the most popular Valentine's Day song of all time. Writing on a touchy topic that struck so close to home might have been tough on Hart, but the initial stirrings of "My Funny Valentine," and of the Broadway show it was part of, were a walk in the park—child's play. One day in 1936, he and his songwriting partner, Richard Rodgers, were hanging out in Central Park when they found themselves caught up watching kids invent games. The co-writers of the hits "Blue Moon" and "Lover" wondered what would happen if children tried to put on a full blown musical. There they had the kernel of a production that turned into *Babes in Arms*.

Babes in Arms opened at the Shubert Theater on April 14, 1937, and ran for almost 290 performances—not bad for a patchwork quilt of song and dance draped on a thin plot. Playing the young Billie Smith, Mitzi Green sang "My Funny Valentine" to her co-star's Valentine "Val" LaMar, a character renamed specifically to fit Hart's lyric. The only recording made of the song at the time was an instrumental by two pianists from the show's orchestra. Completely missing, of course, were the sort of quips that would make the song famous: "Your looks are laughable / Unphotographable / Yet you're my favorite work of art."

It wasn't until late 1944 that a singer committed the words to 78 RPM. Ruth Gaylor went into the studio with Hal McIntyre and his orchestra on December 29. By early 1945, as millions of GI Valentines remained separated from their sweethearts by an ocean, "My Funny Valentine" was a hit, though it climbed to only 16 on the charts and stayed there for only one week. Classic status for the song would have to wait until Frank Sinatra put it on his 1954 comeback album *Songs for Young Lovers*. Since then, some 600 artists have taken a shot at it.

Hart was already long gone. In November 17, 1943, the Rodgers and Hart musical *A Connecticut Yankee* opened for a revival at the Mann Beck Theater. Hart was thrown out of the festivities for being drunk. He left his overcoat behind and caught a chill. A few days later, he died in the hospital, just 48 years old. He never got to see "My Funny Valentine" hit the charts at all, let alone become *the* Valentine's Day song for the ages

—CARL ZEBROWSKI
editor of *America in WWII*

WWII EVENTS

CALIFORNIA • **Jan. 10, Palm Springs:** U-Boat War: Tragedy and Redemption in the North Atlantic, 1939–1945. Presentation by Ed Gordon. Palm Springs Air Museum, 745 North Gene Autry Trail. 760-778-6262. www.palmspringsairmuseum.org

Feb. 13–15, Anaheim: World War Brick. Gathering of hobbyists and fans dedicated to modeling historical and military-related scenes, including World War II, using Lego bricks. Includes displays, workshops, games, and other activities. Embassy Suites Anaheim South, 11767 Harbor Boulevard. www.worldwarbrick.com

Feb. 21, Palm Springs: The Shadow Army. Lecture on European resistance during World War II. Palm Springs Air Museum, 745 North Gene Autry Trail. 760-778-6262. www.palmspringsairmuseum.org

COLORADO • **Feb. 5–6, Lakewood:** Auditions for WWII USO show. College theater arts and dance departments will re-create a live USO show from World War II in April 2015. Part of a college-wide event to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the end of World War II. Red Rocks Community College, 13300 West 6th Avenue. 303-914-6458. ods@rrcc.edu

NORTH CAROLINA • **Jan. 10, Wilmington:** Hidden Battleship. Behind-the-scenes tour of unrestored areas of the battleship USS *North Carolina (BB-55)*, plus an information session from the Azalea Coast Radio Club about its work on the ship's radio transmitters. Registration and payment due by January 8. Noon–4:30 P.M. The Battleship *North Carolina*, 1 Battleship Road. 910-251-5797. www.battleshipnc.com

Feb. 21, Wilmington: Firepower! Discover the firearms collection and fire control equipment of battleship USS *North Carolina (BB-55)* through presentations and hands-on experience. Registration and payment due by February 19. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. The Battleship *North Carolina*, 1 Battleship Road. 910-251-5797. www.battleshipnc.com

OKLAHOMA • **Jan. 17–25, Frederick:** WWII Airborne Demonstration Team Winter Jump School. Visitors are welcome with prior arrangement. The demonstration team aims to educate the public about WWII airborne operations. Frederick Municipal Airport, 310 Aviation Way. 918-424-4673. www.wwiiadt.org

PENNSYLVANIA • **Jan. 27–Feb. 1, Annville:** Battle of the Bulge Living History Week Commemoration. Reenactments of the Battle of the Bulge and flea market for World War II–era items. WWII Federation, Fort Indiantown Gap. 724-627-8545. www.wwiifederation.org

TEXAS • **Jan. 16, Fredericksburg:** Talks and Tour with the Curator. Discussion and tour with a member of the Pacific War Museum's curatorial team. Some of the many artifacts in the museum will be discussed. National Museum of the Pacific War, 340 East Main Street. 830-997-8600. www.pacificwarmuseum.org

Feb. 13, Fredericksburg: Victor Jorgensen photography exhibit. Features the work of Jorgensen, a US Navy photojournalist best known for taking the picture of the V-J Day kiss in Times Square. National Museum of the Pacific War, 340 East Main Street. 830-997-8600. www.pacificwarmuseum.org

Feb. 14, Austin: WWII Sweetheart Dinner and Dance. 1940s-themed dinner-dance benefitting the Texas Military Forces Museum. Entertainment by the Sentimental Journey Orchestra. 6:30 P.M. Texas Military Forces Museum, 2200 West 35th Street. 512-782-5659. www.texasmilitaryforcesmuseum.org

Please call the numbers provided or visit websites to check on dates, times, locations, and other information before planning trips.

COMING SOON

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Iva Toguri was visiting Japan when war broke out. Suddenly she was "Tokyo Rose."

TALKING TRAITOROUS

Tokyo Rose made radio broadcasts to batter GI morale—odd behavior for a woman raised in Los Angeles.

Look for our next exciting issue on print & digital newsstands February 17.

More Online!
www.AmericaInWWII.com
Join us on Facebook and Twitter.

WORLD WAR 2 BOOKS
USED AND OUT OF PRINT

T. CADMAN

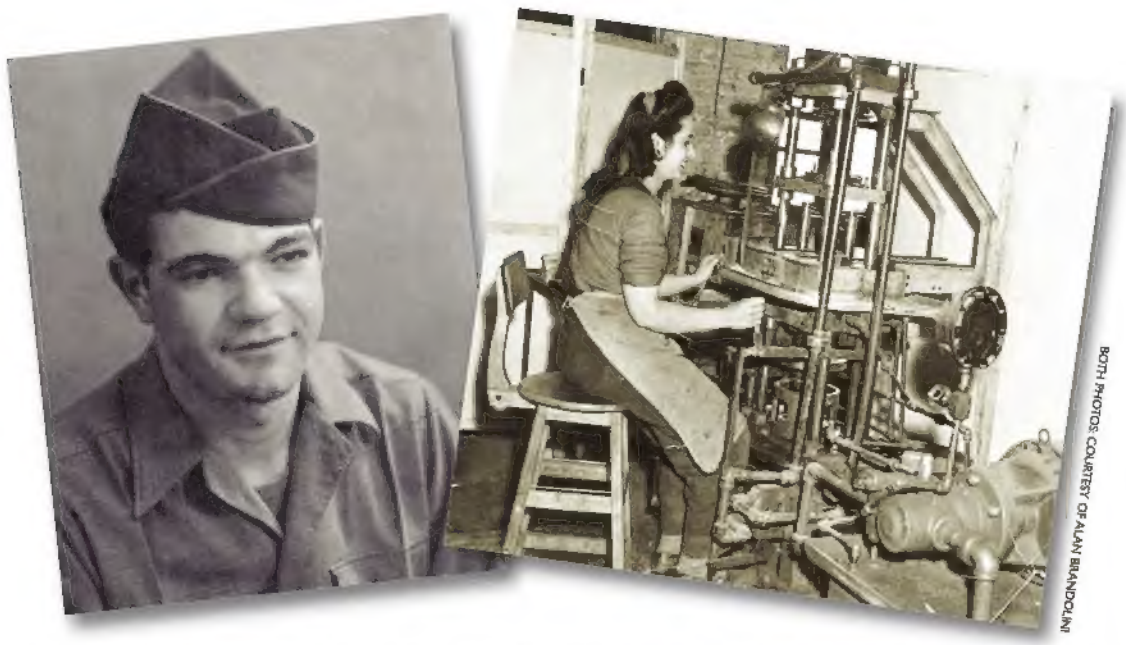
Send $1.00 for Catalog to:
T. CADMAN DEPT.-B
5150 Fair Oaks Blvd., #101
Carmichael, CA 95608

Visit us on the web at:
http://www.cadmanbooks.com

AMERICA IN WWII **SUBSCRIBER SERVICES**

Contact Us:
Subscribe • Pay an invoice
Renew your subscription • Change of address
GIVE A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION!
By Phone: 1-866-525-1945
Toll-free in the USA and Canada
By Mail: America In WWII, P.O. Box 421945, Palm Coast, FL 32142
Online: www.AmericaInWWII.com

He Was No Marksman, But…



BOTH PHOTOS COURTESY OF ALAN BRANDOLINI

Emilio Brandolini (left) of the 368th Engineer General Service Regiment met Virginia Liberato (right, working in a defense plant that made B-29 radios) through her cousin in the 368th. They got engaged a year after the war ended.

EMILIO BRANDOLINI ATTEMPTED to sign up for the US Army after graduating from high school in Framingham, Massachusetts, in May 1942, but he was rejected. It was his vision. It just wasn't good enough—because he was missing an eye, lost to infection when he was just seven years old. Despite this initial setback, he was drafted in May 1943 and found himself overseas.

When Brandolini got drafted, he enlisted in a new program called Limited Service in which men with a limitation would work in some support capacity and not leave the United States. After completing basic training, he was sent to Fort Devens in Massachusetts. There, the fact that he was Limited Service got lost in the shuffle.

Despite his vision impairment and lack of engineer training, Brandolini was assigned to the 1305th Engineer Regiment at Camp Ellis, Illinois. Soon he was reassigned to the 368th Engineer General Service Regiment, which was preparing to move to England. Before crossing the Atlantic, however, he had to qualify with the M-1 rifle, but he was unable to hit the target. Joey Gareri, another soldier with the 368th and an expert marksman, shot for Brandolini on the sly. The two quickly became friends, and Gareri introduced Brandolini to his cousin, Virginia Liberato, who became his pen pal. During the war she worked in a defense plant and wrote to 32 soldiers.

Brandolini departed the States for Winslow, England, in October 1943, and his regiment built facilities there to house troops arriving in preparation for the June 1944 invasion of France across the English Channel. In June, the regiment traveled to the Continent to build fueling stations in France and Belgium. A year later, following the German surrender on May 7, Brandolini's regiment moved to Aachen, Germany, for 30 days before boarding a ship to the Pacific to assist in the defeat of Japan. But troubles with the ship delayed the journey, and Japan's surrender ended the war.

Brandolini traveled to Fort Lewis, Washington, where he was discharged in November 1945. He proposed to Virginia Liberato seven months later and soon married her. ★

Submitted by ALAN BRANDOLINI, *Emilio Brandolini's son and a retired US Army lieutenant colonel who served during Vietnam. Adapted for* America in WWII *by editorial intern* JAMES GEORGE.

Send your GIs photo and story to editor@americainwwii.com or to GIs, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109

A NEW SPECIAL ISSUE from AMERICA IN WWII this spring!

THE BAND OF BROTHERS

FROM D-DAY TO VICTORY

AMERICA IN WWII SPECIAL ISSUES

In Cooperation with the World War II Foundation's D-Day Anniversary
2015 BAND OF BROTHERS ACTORS REUNION, Normandy

Easy Company's War—Currahee to Germany · Maj. Dick Winters
Brécourt Manor · Eindhoven · Bastogne · The Inspiring Book & Series
Reflections from Actors Who Played Easy Company Men

THREE WAYS TO ORDER!

Order online at www.AmericaInWWII.com/specialissues
OR Return the card in this issue OR Send $9.99 per copy* to:

AMERICA IN WWII SPECIALS
4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109

ORDER BY FEBRUARY 15, 2015, AND TAKE $1 OFF EACH COPY!

**PA residents add 6% sales tax. For delivery outside the US add $12 per copy.*
Your Special Edition of Band of Brothers: From D-Day to Victory will ship upon publication,
On or about March 15, 2015 • Allow 4 weeks for delivery

WWII
THE NATIONAL WWII MUSEUM
NEW ORLEANS

Two Exclusive Tours

presented by The National WWII Museum

MASTERS OF THE AIR

MAY 5 – 12, 2015

England

Led by Author & Historian
Dr. Donald L. Miller

Learn the story of "America's Bomber Boys" who fought the Air War against Nazi Germany and celebrate the 70th anniversary of V-E Day.

BAND OF BROTHERS

JUNE 5 – 15, 2015

England – France – The Netherlands – Belgium
Luxembourg – Germany – Austria

Normandy, Market Garden, Battle of the Bulge, and Beyond

Join top-rated battlefield guides as you follow Easy Company across Europe.

CALL 877-813-3329 x 257 OR VISIT WW2MUSEUMTOURS.ORG TO LEARN MORE.